Prepare for Zepps by signing Free Insurance Coupon on p. iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 532. SATURDAY AUGUST 12, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 315012
For meaning of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A genuine article, soft and ready for use.

Two Gold Medals awarded.

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for **SOLDIERS SAILORS and CIVILIANS**

Made in White, also in Khaki and many attractive designs.

6½d. each. Sold everywhere.

Be sure you get

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See name on each Handkerchief.

Ask for EXCELDA Soft Collars, Fronts & Shirts.

Steele's Adv. Ser.

OLD CALABAR

'PET DOG & PUPPY' BISCUITS ARE THE BEST.

Sample and Booklet free from

THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., Liverpool, Eng.

Between your smokes just try a piece of **WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM.** It cleans your palate, soothes your tongue, prevents throat parch, and adds 50 per cent. to the enjoyment of good tobacco. All smokers ought to get acquainted with **WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM.**

It has become the National sweetmeat, Soldiers, Sailors, War Workers (men and women) all finding it not only delicious, but wholesome and refreshing, too, and it lasts a long time.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT **CHEWING GUM.**

Flavoured with the juice of fresh gathered mint leaves.

½d. bar—5 bars 2½d.—40 bars 1/6

Millions of bars sold daily. Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists, and all branches Boots Cash Chemists, or direct from—

WRIGLEY'S LAMBETH PALACE LTD. ROAD. S.E.

HIS LAST WORDS:

"Care for my horse, mate."

Though weak and racked with pain, the wounded man thinks of his faithful horse. He sees it lying where it fell, its sides heaving in an agony of terror and pain. He pleads with others to do what he cannot do himself. Will you let him ask in vain? You *can* help.

PLEASE HELP THE

R. S. P. C. A.

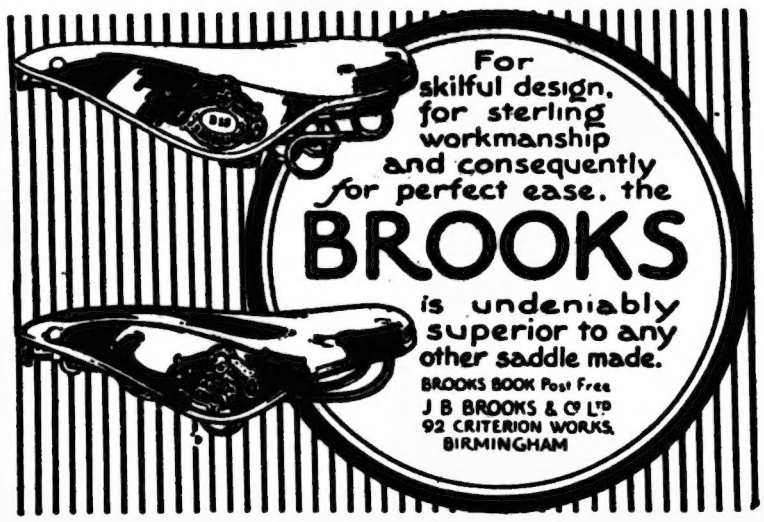
FUND FOR SICK AND WOUNDED HORSES,

which will tend the wounded creature and the thousands of others whose big, faithful, limpid eyes are pleading for your assistance.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is the only Society authorised by the War Office to collect funds and co-ordinate offers of assistance for horses of the British Army in the field. It is doing a great work of national importance among the poor dumb sufferers of this terrible war. But it can only carry on this work by the help of the public here at home. It is in great need of funds. Will you help?

Could you actually see the poor horses you would not refuse, if need be, to sacrifice some small pleasure to help them. You can give something. Donations, large or small, gladly received and acknowledged by

The Treasurer, R. S. P. C. A. Fund, 104, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.


For skilful design, for sterling workmanship and consequently for perfect ease, the
BROOKS
is undeniably superior to any other saddle made.
BROOKS BOOK Post Free
J B BROOKS & Co LTD
92 CRITERION WORKS,
BIRMINGHAM

War on Insect Pests!—and peace restored by I.K.

Hot weather means more pests and more disease. Hawley's I.K. means an absolute "wipe out," for I.K. does not merely stupefy but exterminates . . kills outright . . keeps them away makes the house too hot for them.

Hawley's is a scientific preparation containing vegetable alkaloid which entirely puts out of existence such pests as fleas, beetles, lice, wood-vermin, etc.

Get a tin to-day; sprinkle it on clothes, and put it freely in chinks and crannies and the insects are O.K. for the dust-bin.

HAWLEY'S **I.K.** Insect Killer

From Chemists, etc., everywhere.

Manufactured by EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd., London & Liverpool.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

The JOHN BULL PEN COUPON is on page 22.

BEACON OILSKINS Keep you dry always. Men's 9/- Children's 3/6, Sou'-westers, 1/6, Long Leggings, 2/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free** Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

KEATING'S POWDER **KILLS** BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

Tins 1d. 3d. 6d. 1/-

JOHN BULL Advertisement Guarantee is on page 17.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 532. Week ending Saturday, August 12th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"Peace will be Sudden."

Did you notice a phrase in General Joffre's message to his troops: "The moment approaches when, under our common impetus, the German military power will *completely give way*"? We will back this opinion against that of all the other experts put together.

The Kaiser's "Kite."

And did you notice that phrase in the Kaiser's message to *his* troops: "The desire for sunshine *and peace* is stirring in all human hearts. But war continues because the battle-cry is still the destruction of Germany. The blame for further bloodshed falls only on our enemies!" Well, we will bear the blame. The Kaiser asked for bloodshed, and he shall have it.

An Echo.

The death of Mr. Herbert Robertson, whom we ousted in 1906 from his South Hackney stronghold, carries our mind back to those strenuous days. Poor Robertson took no further part in public life. Peace to his soul!

Cruel!

"I rely more than ever," says Lord Derby as his message to the people on the opening of the third year of war, "on the direction of the Allied generals and the valour of the troops they command to gain for us before long a complete victory and a durable peace." Evidently, he has given up all hope of the politicians.

"Bottomley *v.* Churchill."

The "duel" is over. There is nothing in Mr. Churchill's fourth article for which we have anything but unqualified admiration. And here let us say that it is only when the ex-Minister takes up the cudgels on behalf of a discredited Administration that we have any quarrel with him. In doing so he is unfair to himself. *His* hands, at any rate, were clean; and whatever may have been the errors of his colleagues, to him at least will ever remain the credit of seeing that on the grim fourth of August, 1914, the British Fleet was ready and at its post. Mr. Churchill is too loyal.

"*De Mortuis*——."

When writing the Open Letter last week to Judge Gye, based upon a judgment just delivered by the Court of Appeal, we were unaware that his Honour was dead, or we need scarcely say that we should have withheld any personal comment.

Bravo, Asquith!

Candidly, we never thought the Government would have the courage to hang Casement. It is the best thing they have done. Irish and American papers, please copy.

Wealth.

Did you notice that, according to the will of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, although he left between thirteen and fourteen millions, all the "cash" he had was £34? Which reminds us that some years ago, at Monte Carlo, we saw Mr. Alfred Beit in a state of great excitement on being handed about two hundred pounds when a certain number upon which he had staked a few sovereigns came up. We ventured to express our surprise to the multi-millionaire, adding, "One would think you had never seen so much money before"—to which came the answer: "I'm not sure that I have."

R.S.V.P.

According to a Hun paper, the Kaiser has invited Germhuny's twenty-six ruling princes to visit Wilhelmshaven and Kiel early in September, on the occasion of festivities which have been arranged there. The nature of the festivities is not disclosed. Optimistic as we are, it seems a little too soon for the All Lowest to invite them to see him hanged. Perhaps he has soled and heeled one of the Germhun *Dreadnoughts* which limped home from Jutland.

No Peace for the Hun.

The other day there was a special service at the Bloomsbury Central Church, attended by the Mayor and Corporation of Holborn, and conducted by the Chaplain to the King of Serbia. This was the last verse of the last hymn:—

Grant to Victor and to Vanquished,
When their earthly conflicts cease,
Crown of blessings, loving Father—
Heaven's own Peace.

"We just didn't sing that verse," says one of our readers

Good Old Jack!

Here is a little story told by the *Millgate Monthly*. It refers to the recent visit of British journalists to the Grand Fleet. "Where is Bottomley?" asked a couple of sailors; and on being informed that he was not of the number, "they looked as much as to say 'Then this party is not as complete as we thought it would be.'" Good old Jack!

Truth *v.* Censor.

A London morning paper has had the courage to endorse what we wrote weeks ago. It states that submarine frightfulness ceased when Germany had "no more submarines to carry on the blockade, because our navy had sunk nearly all of them." When *shall* we know the truth?

"Lest We Forget."

What do you think of our idea for a Lest-We-Forget League, with a Cavell Badge for the women, a Fryatt Badge for the men—and the Premier's Pledge to bring to justice the murderers, "whatever their station," inscribed?

More Zeppelin Raids are expected. **Sign Free Insurance Coupon on page iii of cover.**

"Ho, Jolly Jenkins!"

In the opinion of the Rev. Hugh Jenkins, of Batley, one of the things upon which Nonconformist opinion must insist is "the repression of the vindictive spirit that seeks the crushing of Germany and the permanent disablement of German commerce." What does our rev. and fatuous friend think the right idea is? To develop Germhuny and kindle a fire for the Devil?

War Economy.

About 18 months ago we suggested that the Government should always postpone important announcements of policy until after Wednesday, in order to have the benefit of our suggestions. Now our contemporary, *Truth*—the sixpenny John Bull—chirps in with a request that there should be no sittings of Parliament on Mondays and Tuesdays, "so that they would be able to see what *Truth* says before committing themselves." Exactly; and in these war-saving days that would be killing two birds with one stone.

"Business as Usual."

Our kindness to animals (interned) is becoming preposterous. A man claimed exemption before the City Tribunal because he was a manager for Mr. E. Dieckmann, of 2, Gresham Street. We are happy to say that his application was unsuccessful, but the principal interest in the affair arises from the fact that Dieckmann is a German, interned at the Alexandra Palace. He still runs his business, signs his cheques, and interviews his managers at the Palace, and has been let out four times to attend at his City address. Since his internment his business has increased, and he has taken bigger premises. As he is making large profits and pocketing them, it is surely time he was properly attended to.

Black Diamonds.

With lumps of coal flying at him at the rate of 1s. 11d. a hundredweight from every street cart he meets under the summer sun, and with his own coalman probably warning him that prices will presently be increased, Mr. Asquith placidly tells the House of Commons, "I do not know that there is at present any reason to anticipate a rise of prices." And when prices have risen at the first snap of cold weather for which the coalmen are holding prayer meetings all over the country, Mr. Asquith will bob up again in the House and exclaim, not less placidly, "Who would have believed it?" The long-exploited public is hereby warned that with the coalmen it is going to be a case of "Act be damned!" The Coal Act was from its inception merely a spoof to meet a general outcry against last winter's prices, and between the mine and the cart the public will pretty soon know it.

"Dunno Where They Are!"

In some things they are very careless at the War Office; the following record is one they will probably never beat. There was a Cyclists' Battalion stationed at Scarborough, and stationed there so long that the town, beautiful as it is, became an eyesore to the men. They wanted to go to the Front, but no orders came, despite weary waiting. At length the Commanding Officer concluded that change of some kind was absolutely necessary—either France or fresh billets. So he made a special journey to town, and, calling at the War Office, begged that his battalion might be moved. And then he was told that his battalion was in France, having been despatched thither on a given date as entered in the books. When the officer, flabbergasted and furious, expostulated, his protests were received with incredulity. It was all very well to declare that this Cyclists' Battalion was at Scarborough, but how could that be, when the W. O. books proved otherwise?

Why?

Following the threat by certain workers to take a holiday unless justice was meted out to the old age pensioners by increasing their allowances to correspond with the growth in the cost of living, Mr. Asquith has announced that the matter of giving the old folk an extra payment "had been considered and some administrative measures would be adopted which, it was hoped, would go far to mitigate the hardships of these old people." Why is it necessary that the Government should be coerced in such a way to do what is obviously just?

In Public Employ.

The presence of nice young gentlemen of German parentage in the public service of this country continues to come to light—by accident. There was a young man named Grimm, employed as a chief draughtsman by the Board of Inland Revenue—a "good position" he called it, and it was one that he most certainly should never have held. He did not wish to "upset his parents" by joining the Army, his father being an uninterned German. But the Magistrate handed him over to an escort as an absentee, so father will receive a shock. Why public bodies should employ such men and continue to shield and screen them is a mystery.

Conscription for Ireland?

An Irishman tells us that the remedy for Erin's troubles is not Home Rule—but Conscription. We know, as he says, that Ireland contains plenty of the best soldiering material in the world, and our Irish friend argues:—"The Irishman who has never left his country loathes England. But once let him see what England is, and what her people are like, and he is sportsman enough to acknowledge his mistake, and will be the best and stickiest pal on earth. You have ample proof in the gallant boys now fighting in France. It is said that conscription for Ireland would disaffect those same loyal boys. Don't you believe it!" Our friend, himself in khaki, believes intensely in his remedy. Can he be correct?

The Convenient Conscience.

The Government has issued an appeal to the public to support the shops and businesses of men who have joined the King's Forces. What sort of support do they recommend us to extend to tradesmen like S. A. Marlow, aged 36, stationer and sub-postmaster, of 666, Fulham Road? "The slaying of man is contrary to the will of God," said Marlow to the Tribunal, and then he explained that the lease of his premises had three years to run; so he jibbed on both scores. He was granted exemption, and refused to become a Special Constable. He "hadn't time for it." Military training "would not agree with his conscience," so, we read, "he was allowed to depart in peace." Is Fulham to support in his business that man without a backbone? And will he continue to "serve his country" as a sub-postmaster?

A Broken Man.

Leominster Guardians had a bitter tale to tell of a discharged soldier. The man was passed by two doctors as fit for service, and he had just been examined and accepted for assurance, so there is no doubt of his good health when he joined up. He was employed by the Army in the forage department, amongst hay and straw, and has now been flung out, discharged without a penny, suffering from tuberculosis. Several Funds were approached, but there came no help from any, and, said one of the Guardians, "before they could get proper treatment for him the man would be dead." The Guardians have granted him 12s. a week, until something better can be arranged, but it is iniquitous that he should be forced to beg for relief when it is due to him from one of the great Funds formed for that purpose.

Some Pens are good, others better—but the "John Bull" Pen is *best*.

The Old Fallacy.

The "Business Government" cry has reached India, and the *Madras Mail* doesn't like it. "It is perfectly well understood," we are told, "that a Minister can get all the expert advice he requires easily enough." Quite so. Then why always have a lawyer as a judge?

Decisive.

Explaining that the All Lowest's recent War manifesto "must not be interpreted as meaning that we have still as much before us to do as we have done," the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says "The decisive result of the war has already been achieved." Then why don't the Germhuns set up in business again and start eating meat?

Our Crippled Tommies.

We are asked to make a special appeal for funds for the Stick Crutch Fund, the Secretary of which is Mrs. Claremont, Central House, Kingsway. We have received numerous testimonials from wounded men as to the merits of this particular crutch, and we understand that the Society is, at the moment, unable to meet the demands from the Queen Mary and other hospitals. So do your best to make at least one crippled hero happy.

A Horrible Holder.

A soldier in hospital at Camberwell sighed for a cool smoke, and the desired facilities were offered him, by the man who sells newspapers to the patients, in the shape of "The Antinicotine Cigarette Holder." The cost was twopence only, for the holder and six "absorbing cartridges," and it looked dirt cheap. But, on removing a piece of sticky paper from the printed wrapper, all idea of cheapness vanished and only the dirty nature of the thing remained, for there were displayed the hateful words, "Made in Austria." If that newsvendor is wise, he will not again induce British soldiers to-soil their lips with such obnoxious wares.

The Cripple's Pittance.

We have already referred to lucky policemen, recalled to the force, who are receiving pay as well as pension. One man we hear of receives pension, police pay, and salary as caretaker, amounting together to £5 3s. 6d. weekly. Compare his good fortune with the fate of a soldier, wounded in France, and only able to move about on crutches. This man has the two South African medals, with five bars. He also has a wife and three children. To keep them and himself, and to pay his fares to two hospitals, he is granted £1 a week, an amount that leaves life almost hopeless. He tells us, "All I want from my beloved country is justice." God knows, that man has earned justice—with a little generosity on top of it.

Guilty and Unrepentant.

Alfred Melton, of Perth, has "lost a sister in Egypt, and several intimate friends in the war." In passing the shop of a German pork-butcher, he "remembered these things and could not resist the temptation of smashing the window." He admitted he was the worse for liquor at the time, but he said in Court he was not sorry for the German, and would not pay for any damage done to a German's place. Alfred Melton received 15 days' imprisonment, without the option of a fine, and he cried, "15 days for smashing an enemy's window! You are all patriots here, I *don't* think!" We are sorry the man was intoxicated, but we are sorry also that his punishment was so severe. For his act shows that the ordinary man has now measured the German at his true value, and is more alive to the nature of the beast than the magistrate on the bench. The iron has entered into the soul of Britain.

Compliments for Pshaw.

One of the Austrian papers pays a well-deserved compliment to the Herr von George Bernard Pshaw. "And thou art also 60 years old to-day, Bernard Shaw," apostrophises the *Neue Freie Presse*. "I must before all the world address thee. . . . Thou hast stepped in daringly for us, for thou knowest us. Thou art our friend." Without a doubt.

A Slack Tribunal.

Several correspondents are severely critical of the methods of the Hertford Borough Tribunal, not apparently without the best of reasons. "Hardly a man appeals," writes one of our informants, "who does not get from three to six months' respite and in many cases absolute exemption," and this damaging conclusion is amply borne out by the local press reports. The Hertford Tribunal evidently needs a gentle reminder that the Military Service Acts were passed for the purpose of manning the King's Army. We look to Hertfordshire for better things.

Benighted Bognor.

Bognor, while it lives on its visitors, is still narrow-minded enough, being ruled by Pharisees, to object to provide decent entertainment for its guests. A licence was asked for by a well-known local gentleman, so that he might arrange a concert programme of the usual kind, mainly for women and children, on ground where tennis had been played. It was refused because the "noise" would offend the ears of gentry located in Norfolk Square, and because the man who owns all those houses except one believes "the people throughout the country are not serious enough." This is the kind of person who thinks to improve matters by weeping, wailing, and the gnashing of teeth.

Barker, Bones and Bigots.

As the War Office have definitely refused the offer by Mr. H. A. Barker, the famous London bonesetter, of his services to disabled soldiers, it remains to be seen what attitude the French military authorities will adopt in respect of the same offer. It is no secret that the rejection is to be explained by the bigotry of the medical trade union; that and nothing else. As a practical bonesetter, Mr. Barker has successfully treated numerous cases beyond the skill of orthodox surgeons. For a long time the Government have been frantically crying out to the ordinary trade unions to withdraw or modify their restrictions and allow diluted labour, in order that nothing may militate against British success, yet because this great specialist does not possess a diploma the Government tamely permit the medical trade union to deprive our maimed and disabled soldiers of the advantage of his services.

A Reservoir of—Waste.

A recent paragraph in the *Merthyr Express* rather interested us—for two reasons; one being that it is headed "Alleged Theft," when the culprit actually pleaded guilty; the other, that, by way of extenuation, the plea was urged that he had "only done what he had seen scores of other people do." The man in question, Joseph Shepperd, is an Inspector for the Corporation on the construction of a reservoir at Pontsticill; the coal was stolen from the contractors, whose works he was "inspecting." The Pontsticill Reservoir work has been very much suspended owing to the war, and yet the Corporation have at least eight resident officials, who are paid from £100 to £500 per annum, with splendid houses in some cases supplied free; whilst, in addition, there are the Chief Engineers in Merthyr and London with their staffs. And Inspector Shepperd is still employed on the works! Quite five times as much money is being spent as is necessary; whilst we believe that at least two of these officials are of military age, and have been granted exemption.

A paper of Tone and Taste—"Everywoman's."

Varicose Veins and Flat Feet.

We are not as hard up for fighting men in Britain as the Kaiser might think from a queer case recently heard at Hull. A man went before the Medical Board with three certificates from leading local practitioners, to the effect that he was suffering from varicose veins and flat foot. The Board hardly looked at him; took no notice of the certificates; did not examine him for flat foot or varicose veins; and passed him for "general service." Hull is the illustrious place—said to be on the line to Elland Halifax—where the Army Medical Officer was reported not many months ago to have passed for military service a man with a wooden leg without knowing it was wood. It is simply throwing the country's money away to send into the Army for general service men with flat feet and varicose veins.

Bravery and Modesty.

Lance-Corporal Showell, of the Gloucesters, convalescing at Bangor after being wounded, has given another proof that shot, shell, steel and the surgeon's knife cannot daunt the pluck at the heart of a soldier. Showell was watching the bathers in the open-air sea-baths, when he suddenly noticed that a lady had sunk. Over the wall went Showell, and into the water he dived, with all his hospital garb on him. Having brought the lady out in safety, he started walking off to get his clothes dried. He had to be stopped and questioned closely before he would give his name. True bravery is always modest, and no doubt Showell blushed when Bangor Council passed him a unanimous vote of thanks. He is just the fine kind of fellow who does fine things and hates to have them talked about. But we hope he will forgive us for doing so.

Tubs for Tommy.

Thomas Atkins, not being a German, likes a bath. But bathrooms are scarce in the trenches. So if you can spare a few pounds, send them along to the Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee, 35, Dover Street, London. £10 will provide a unit of five baths, with stove, boiler, towels, soap, scrubbers and all other equipment.

From Natal.

The *Natal Advertiser*, answering a reader who complained that it did not sufficiently quote JOHN BULL, says, "One reason why I do not quote largely from the excellent source is that I believe it is eagerly read by great numbers of people in Durban, if not devoured wholesale." Our *confrère's* belief is sound.

British Soldiers or Germhun Lackeys?

Writing from Castle Donington, "An Old Soldier" informs us that "there are five or six men of military age employed by the A. & N. Stores, now residing at Castle Donington, to cater for the Germhun officers there." Are the military authorities aware of this, or are the men in a "starred" occupation?

Hunting for Bed and Board.

The meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is to be held in Newcastle during September, and, because the city is full of the military and munition workers, the Secretaries anticipate some difficulty in finding accommodation for its 1,500 members. That is a little detail of organisation which should not have been overlooked until now, nor do we think it is properly met by asking well-to-do citizens to put up those members, "not necessarily free of all costs," but just for the expense of "outlay and trouble." We cannot think the members of the British Association will feel happy in finding themselves described as "1,500 guests" anxious "to be entertained by Tyneside." They may not appreciate such cadging on their behalf.

Let Liverpool Remember!

About 200 wounded Germans have arrived in hospital at Liverpool. We learn on the authority of the local Red Cross Office that they "entirely lack comforts" such as are "provided for our wounded," and we note with amazement that the committee, having received some gifts of money to provide cigarettes, tobacco, fruit, vegetables, etc., for those Huns, are asking for more funds for this "special purpose." Strongly, resolutely, and at once must Liverpool decline that appeal. German prisoners must receive hospital treatment and necessary food, but not one ounce of "comfort" beyond that. Remembering the starvation and murder of our men in Germany, it is monstrous to find the suggestion made. Let Liverpool remember—and act.

Woolly Words.

One of to-day's Great Thoughts comes from the Rev. David Fotheringham, Magistrate, of Tottenham, who, speaking from the bench, emitted this pronouncement: "It is not insulting to be called a German. Germans have their faults, but they are a brave people." We admit the truth of part of that. Germans "have their faults," among them being murder, rape, arson, lying and theft. Their favourite victims are women, children, invalids and helpless prisoners. If wholesale slaughter by underhand means is a sign of a brave people, then are the Germans brave. The reverend gentleman thinks it no insult to be called a German, yet, did we but call him a pro-German, we feel sure he would be offended.

A Wonderful Picture.

We paid a visit the other day to the studio of Mr. Rowland Holyoake, to see the wonderful picture he is painting of the "Beast of Revelation," in which the seven heads of the sea monster which appeared to John are depicted as those of the Kaiser and his comrades in crime. It is one of the most remarkable pictures ever painted.

A Military Conundrum.

"If bread is the staff of life, what is the life of the Staff?"
ANSWER: "One long loaf."

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

MR. DAVID JAMES, Aberfan (handbill):—
"Mr. David James wishes to inform the inhabitants of Aberfan and Merthyr Vale that he has opened an Undertaking Business at the back of Mr. Stone's SLAUGHTERHOUSE."

"KILKENNY PEOPLE":—
"A vote of THANKS with the relatives of the late Mr. ——, father of our esteemed fellow-member, Mr. ——, on his untimely decease, was passed."

"ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD":—
"An East Coast correspondent states that a Zeppelin APPEARED over the Lincolnshire coast about 1.20 yesterday morning. It was misty at the time, and the airship COULD NOT BE SEEN."

"LLANELLY MERCURY" (advertisement):—
"Great Bargains offered: PRICES, THE BEST; QUALITY, THE LOWEST. L. W. Adams & Co., 18, Vaughan Street."

"WESTERN GAZETTE" (Yeovil):—
"The Clerk reported that there were 18 applications (including SOUR ladies) for the post of temporary relieving officer."

"'UNION JACK' LIBRARY":—
"'He's come back,' he said, in a LOW VOICE, without MOVING HIS LIPS."

"HORSFORTH ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—
"Middle young white BOAR for service.—Atkinson, Bank House, Horsforth. In TRENCH AND HOUSEHOLD it is necessary."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief in France.

DEAR SIR DOUGLAS,—At this critical moment in the development of the Allied advance I am anxious to assure you of our unshaken confidence in your great powers of leadership, and of our deep gratitude to your gallant Armies, which, in the battles now in progress, have already won imperishable fame. Now that we are at length permitted a clearer and truer view of the military situation, we can form a juster estimate of the splendid valour of our troops, who, in the teeth of obstacles that might have daunted veterans, are winning their way to victory; and we are personally grateful to you for the opportunity of reading in fuller detail those most glorious chapters in the history of British arms.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR MR. RUNCIMAN,—My good wishes for your speedy restoration to health have been promptly realised; for, already, you are back again in harness, with the strength, as I hope, of "a giant refreshed"—but not, of course, with wine! At any rate, gigantic tasks await you, and I trust that, like the temporary withdrawal of another distinguished politician, your short retirement may have cleared your mental vision. From the fact that you remain in the Cabinet, I presume that you endorse the resolutions of the Paris Conference; and I am encouraged to hope that you have finally forsaken those academic theories for which we shall have less use than ever in the anxious days ahead. May I count upon your "conversion"? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., M.P., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR LORD "BOB,"—Now that your Chief has "gone aloft," I shall probably be giving you a good many "postman's knocks," and, since you have seldom despised my suggestions, I am assured in advance of an attentive hearing. First of all, I am anxious to know what practical steps are being taken in pursuance of the Prime Minister's repeated pledges to bring to justice the authors of Hunnish outrages on sea and land. Mere denunciation is not sufficient; the situation demands a carefully thought out plan of procedure, and I want an assurance that definite action has already been set on foot. Should Ministers fail in this solemn duty, they will find short shrift at the hands of an exasperated people. JOHN BULL.

To Joseph Martin, Esq., K.C., M.P., East St. Pancras.

DEAR "JOS,"—I understand that you have just returned from a two years' holiday in Canada, and I trust you have enjoyed this little break in your Parliamentary duties. Moreover, I congratulate East St. Pancras that, after a lapse of four-and-twenty months, it is once more "represented" on the floor of the House of Commons. I gather that you have prettily explained everything to your admiring constituents, and if they are pleased with you, there is no reason why I should complain; indeed, your case furnishes me with an admirable illustration of the absurdity of a system under which it is possible for a Member of Parliament to draw a comfortable stipend while exacting no guarantees for the proper performance of his duties. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. H. E. Duke, K.C., M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland.

DEAR MR. DUKE,—Leaving aside the anomaly of your position as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland when in point of fact there is "no sich pusson," I must congratulate you upon your attainment of "Cabinet rank"; for as a politician you have been fairly free from the vices of the Party system, whilst of the high quality of your patriotism there is no room for doubt. Of your prospects of success in the special task you have undertaken, I can speak with less assurance—for the difficulties of Irish government were never greater than to-day, and your path is encumbered with the wreckage of dead hopes. However, I hope for the best—and I admire your pluck. JOHN BULL.

To the Board of Directors, Army and Navy Stores, London.

GENTLEMEN,—Not many weeks ago, I wrote you in respect of your disgraceful refusal to pay to the widows of your employees, killed in the war, the money due to them from the Provident Fund, and your not less disgraceful appropriation of the sums their husbands had paid out of their scant wages—helping to earn the 300 per cent. dividend which your shareholders so complacently receive. I now observe that one of your clerks, applying to the Lambeth Tribunal for exemption on domestic grounds, told the Tribunal that you grant no allowance to men who join the forces, give no real guarantee that their situations shall remain open to them, and have intimated that men who return physically unfit at the end of the war will not be employed. If I had not ceased to wonder at anything, I should marvel how the three-hundred percenters could take their dividends without vomiting.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Edwin Smith, Witness, National Insurance Committee. House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—With a great deal of your evidence before the Committee I am in accord. There is no doubt that while a very large number of medical men and folk with a toothache do well out of it, the advantages of the Act to the community have been very small indeed, while patients on a large Panel are not only frequently victimised by inadequate attention and cheap drugs, but also by unconscionable delays in the payment of the insurance allowance. As to sanatoria, that is simply a scandal. You perhaps heard Dr. Greenyer say that while in the isolation hospital in his district there were sixteen cases of tuberculosis, he knew of a sanatorium which cost the public £3,000 where there had never been a patient; and there are hundreds of tuberculous cases which have no chance of treatment in sanatoria at all. Add to all this that many people are so sick of panel doctoring that they foot the bill as private patients. To sum up, dear doctor, we seek our ninepence for fourpence—and, lo, it is not there!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Kimberley.

DEAR LORD KIMBERLEY,—I am all for getting every available man for the Colours, but I don't quite follow you when, as President of the Norfolk Appeal Tribunal, you asked "What do we want prams for in war time?" and added: "Women will have to carry their babies. I was born before prams." But even at 58 you are not too old to understand that we want to encourage mothers in these days, and a woman with two or three young children cannot carry them all in her arms when the sun is 80° in the shade. Just think it over. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—There is no man whom I admire as a lawyer more than yourself, but as a Politician—well I don't like you at all. Your pronouncement on the measures to be taken against German trade after the war is a case in point. You think the right thing to do is to "beat the German soundly while we are fighting him—(pity you did not think of that before)—and not to adopt a system of fiscal punishment after the war." But we mean to do both, my dear sir. Now do you understand?

JOHN BULL.

To S. Oldman, Esq., Mayor of Thetford.

YOUR WORSHIP,—I congratulate you and your Council on having accepted a portrait of Tom Paine to hang in your Guildhall. Time was when the average God-fearing Englishman would have been equally ready to hang poor Paine. But we are learning things in these days, and one of them is to realise sincerity and honesty of purpose. Paine's motto, "The world is my country; mankind are my brethren; to do good is my religion," might not suit us just at the moment, but he hadn't met the German Hun. All said and done, he was a great man—and, incidentally, I may tell you that he was the author of Old Age Pensions. Some day I hope to see that portrait. JOHN BULL.

WHERE WILL THEY CRACK?

FINAL SIEGE OF THE HUNS BEGINS—GALLIPOLI TO BE AVENGED.

By E. Ashmead-Bartlett.

We have pleasure in publishing the following article from the pen of the famous War Correspondent, who did such splendid work in Gallipoli.

WE are at the turn of the tide; but a little time must elapse before the receding torrent slowly yields to view once again the blood-sodden, devastated soil of France, Belgium and Poland. Certain broad facts stand out. The offensive and initiative have definitely passed to the Allies. Germany has expanded herself almost to bursting-point like some huge Zeppelin setting forth on a raid from which there may be no return. For the first time in two years the Allies are able to commence a joint offensive on all their fronts, thus allowing the Central Powers little choice of exploiting their interior lines and vast system of strategic railways, as they have invariably been able to do in the past. The interior lines remain; so also do the railways, and the organisation which runs them is as perfect as ever. Only now the human freight is lacking. The endless lines of trucks still roll from east to west or from west to east, but they carry few except the maimed. The East can no longer lend, at critical moments, whole army corps to the West; while the West can no longer send her tried veterans to that terrible dance of death through Poland, Galicia and Russia, expanding the frontiers of crime for the delighted gaze of German school-children, and causing wooden gods, stiff with patriotic nails, to rise like mushrooms to Hindenburg and Mackensen.

Final Siege of Huns Begins.

The eyes of England are concentrated on our offensive on the Somme; but to maintain a proper perspective, the battle of the Somme must be considered only in conjunction with events elsewhere.

Brusiloff is threatening Hungary; Kouropatkin is manœuvring against Hindenburg's "thin, anæmic line"; Mackensen has been obliged to recall his divisions from Serbia, leaving the care of the Near East to the Bulgarians. Cadorna is regaining the ground lost on the Trentino, while the French are slowly nibbling back the blood-stained heights round Verdun. Above all, the seas are open to us, and from every quarter of the globe a steady stream of supplies, munitions and ammunition is pouring into our trenches, whilst not a crust or a cartridge is reaching the Central Powers. The real and the final siege of the Huns has at last begun.

I have shown briefly the ever-accumulating balance on our credit side. Can we, then, expect a decisive victory and speedy end of the war? The answer is difficult. Modern weapons, modern fieldworks, and, above all, the deadly machine-gun, have rendered speedy consummations on the battlefield almost an impossibility. Directly an army assumes the offensive on the vast scale we are now undertaking, it automatically, so to speak, multiplies the numbers of its enemy many times over, because he is enabled to defend his positions with a minimum number of men and a maximum employment of machine guns.

It is likely to be found that, as a decisive factor, *morale* will play a more important *rôle* in the closing stages of the war than the actual taking of military positions.

It would seem to be sound strategy for the enemy to retire to a shorter line while he still has the chance, rather than to risk disaster by holding on to such a huge and comparatively thinly-held perimeter. But the General Staff fear to retire because of the ill-effects such a move might have on the *morale* of the whole army. A retrograde movement on a grand scale would open the eyes of the men to the fact that the game was up, and they would very likely refuse to fight or to rally on this side of the Rhine.

Remember always that every yard we take in Picardy may mean a mile's progress to the Russians. Our democracy is not dying in vain. To my mind, the historian will decide that the turning point of the war was the Grand Duke Nicholas's capture of Erzerum in mid-winter. The importance of the results which have followed cannot be over-estimated. We are, in fact, about to reap the full benefit of them.

At the present hour we must look to the Near East for decisive results, rather than to the west, where the enemy is at his strongest. Our hammer blows on the Somme will make possible the approaching dramatic changes in the Near East. We are nailing the enemy to his entrenchments in the west, and meanwhile his dream of a Germanic-Islamic Empire stretching from the Rhine to the Persian Gulf is slowly fading into thin air. The Huns reached their high water mark in the late autumn of 1915.

A solid mass of half-a-million Turks and Bulgarians held the road from Belgrade to Constantinople. On this huge concentration the plans of the German General Staff for 1916 entirely depended. The fall of Erzerum has changed all this. The Turks have been obliged to recall their armies from Gallipoli and Thrace and to send them to the Armenian frontier. All the nicely balanced plans of the Germans have been upset. The Near East is no longer their strongest point; it is their most vulnerable. Hard pressed on all their frontiers, not a German or Austrian Division can be spared to assist the Bulgarians. Macedonia and Serbia are being held by the Bulgarian army alone, assisted by the few remaining Turkish divisions which can be spared from Armenia. This force may be strong enough to resist our offensive from Salonica, but it is not nearly strong enough to withstand a joint attack from the north and from the south. It is Roumania who holds all the keys to Constantinople at this critical hour. If Roumania strikes, as she struck in 1913, it is all up with the Bulgarians. They must come to terms or face absolute ruin. Then we are left to finish our account with the Turks.

Gallipoli to be Avenged.

Their numbers are not sufficient to offer any real resistance this side of the lines of Cataldja, which are only twenty miles from Constantinople. When they retire on Cataldja they must leave an army isolated in Gallipoli holding the lines of Bulair, just as they were obliged to do against the Bulgarians in 1913. How long could such an army with all its communications cut by land, and our submarines dominating the Sea of Marmora, hold out? Not long.

If Roumania joins the liberators of Europe, we shall be in Constantinople before Christmas. Then the men who fought so gallantly and who suffered so much in Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia will not have died in vain.

Slowly and surely the huge and hideous edifice of Prussian militarism is being undermined. The downfall is certain to come; but it is too firmly constructed, and its foundations lie too deep in the social life of the German people, to collapse easily at the first sound of the trumpets of our new armies. When the fall does come it will be the greatest the world has ever seen.

NOW, NOW, NOW!

WEAKNESS TO CLOAK COWARDICE—STRIKE THE HUN NOW!

BY A. G. HALES.

In this forcible, and characteristic, article, Mr. Hales pleads that this is the psychological moment for the Government to outlaw the Hun.

WHEN will the British people force this most wretched Government of ours to draw the sword in earnest? Two years have passed, and we are still permitting the most despicable foe our country has ever known to break every recognised law of war on land and sea, whilst our gang of lawyers sit around biting their thumbs and talking of what they will do *after* the war is won. If they had been men of the stern old breed, as soon as the foul and brutal murder of the British skipper Fryatt had been proved, they would have issued orders to our Navy to make it a war without mercy and without quarter on the seas—a war of extermination; for it will come to that in the end. Why delay the hour of our vengeance? How many more times must the accursed German be allowed to throw his challenge in our teeth and move off unscathed? Small wonder the German *people* believe their soldiers and sailors have really won the war, when they see such outrages perpetrated in their very midst—and perpetrated, too, at the order and with the sanction of their devil-distilled Kaiser. The assassination of this bluff British skipper was not the work of obscure persons, carried out in a moment of heady passion; it was the planned devilment of the governing classes led by their ruler, with the object of scaring our mercantile marine officers and for the purpose of buoying up the courage of the German clods who are at last beginning to feel the steel on the varied fronts of war, and it is meant as a threat and a menace of what will follow if peace is not made on Teuton terms. Let us accept the challenge and give them the kind of war they are hankering for. To talk of fighting according to the code with such vermin as those is to prove ourselves fools or weaklings.

The Curse of Weakness.

When the Junker crew talked of assassinating Nurse Cavell, if we had had a Pitt instead of a putty man at the head of our Government this stern message would have been flashed to Berlin: "Slay Nurse Cavell and five of your officers of highest rank in our hands shall *hang*." Had that message gone, they would have blustered and threatened reprisals on our prisoners—but they would never have murdered the woman. Our political leaders behaved like cowards and left a great British woman to her doom, and that emboldened the royal assassin and his group of "heelers"; they have gone on murdering ever since, *and will continue to murder* as long as the present Government remains in office. The Germans used to send aerial craft over French towns to destroy civilian life. I was there and saw them do it. The French protested, and the Huns jibed and went on murdering, until the gorge of the French nation rose against it and they commenced reprisals; they sent aerial craft to smash up German towns every time the Huns attacked their peasantry, and they dropped two bombs to the German one; and the result soon became manifest—*the Germans stopped murdering* on French soil from the air. That is the only way to tame the wild beast of Potsdam. Beat him to his knees and walk on his face, he'll understand that; but he'll understand nothing else. We have got to protect the officers of our mercantile marine; they are the very salt of our nation; we own nothing bigger of soul or stouter of heart, and if we do not protect them with a hand of iron, protect them to the bitter limit, we are jellyfish and not men. They are shooting our loyal Irish soldiers who are prisoners, and in all God's green earth there are no better fighters than our good Irish. What are you going to do about it, Mr. Asquith? If you had had a bit of the old grit in you, you would have swung five German officers by the neck for that deed. Were I a colonel of an Irish regiment operating against the Germans, I'd see every Order in Council damned ere I'd take another prisoner until the blood of those two brave lads was well avenged. I'd line my men up and tell them the story and give them this order: "Boys, wipe out that wrong with the bayonet and the butt, and bad cess to the man who spares a Hun *officer* from this day forth." We've got to teach them decency, and the only lesson the Hun understands is the lesson of the iron hand, the lesson of force and severity; and, as God lives, I'd give it him until his putrid soul stood naked between his fleshless ribs. We have got to punish or see our picked people assassinated one by one, both male and female, and—as past experience in Louvain and on the seas proves—children as well as grown-up people.

Let Us Have Action Now.

Let us show the Hun we are in earnest when we say we will have no more of him. Let us *now* pass an Act of Parliament making it a criminal offence for any person to import German goods into these Isles for five-and-twenty years. Every Colony we have worth keeping will leap to acclaim such a law; Australia and New Zealand will pass it whether this Government likes it or not. Let us *now* make a prohibition wall as high as heaven, so that the traitor traders in our midst, and their lawyer-friends, cannot buy in Germany's cheap market as soon as peace comes, for there are plenty who will if they can. Pass that law now—don't wait for peace—and you will put grit between the teeth of the German Chancellor. Pass this other law, for the avenging of our murdered seamen of the mercantile marine—put it upon the Statutes *now*—that no German ship or ship trading in German interests shall have right of entry into any British port east or west, north or south, or into any British *coaling station*, for five-and-twenty years from this year 1916. Those two laws will cripple them. Is not there a member of the House of Commons with grit enough in his composition to bring forward such a Bill, or two such Bills? Think of it, the Hun ostracised from Britain and *all her dependencies* for five-and-twenty years by Act of Parliament! All we have to do is to look after the home part—the Overseas Dominions will take good care of the Hun each within its own zone of operations, for they are whole-hearted in this job. This will mean the closing of a fifth of the world to Germany in one splendid stroke, and that will break the Germanic back. Look at it. The British Isles closed; India, Canada, South Africa, British Columbia, the East and West Indies as far as we control them, British East Africa and Egypt, New Zealand, Australia—and Australia grew 12,000,000 bags of wheat this year for export, to say nothing of her gold, silver, copper, mutton, beef, wine and wool. Do you realise your power, you Britons? Not one in a million of you does. By a simple, swift Act of Parliament you can cripple the Hun for all time—now. He cannot do much in America; a 60 per cent. tariff has him by the gizzard in that direction. Japan won't have him. China doesn't want him; our Allies won't tolerate him. Pass that Act, and you have him crushed into the earth. If this Government won't pass it, put in a Government that will.

GERMANY'S "GREAT SURPRISE."

IS THERE A SECRET CHANNEL TUNNEL?—SOME SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

By William Le Queux.

Although accustomed to "surprises" of all kinds in the course of the present war, we must not be assumed as identifying ourselves with the interesting and daring speculation put forward in the following article.

BECAUSE in 1907 I dared to attempt to prove that the Kaiser was forming a deeply-laid plot against Great Britain, I was denounced as a scaremonger. Whether I was guilty, time has now revealed. Long and close study of the juggling of German diplomacy, the subtle manner in which Germany undermines her neighbours and insidiously spreads her influence, the well-concealed application of German "palm oil" in the most unexpected quarters, and the marvellous ramifications of the German Secret Service, lead the thoughtful man to expect certain "surprises" before the war is over. Indeed, have they not been boastingly promised to us by the Germans themselves? We were unprepared for the big howitzers which suddenly appeared and pounded the great forts of Liège and Namur to ruins; we were unprepared for the incendiary corps of the German Army, whose duty it was to burn Belgian and French villages; we were unprepared for the Zeppelins and for the "U" pirates and "U" minelayers, just as we were for the poison-gas, the aerial torpedoes, the squirting of liquid fire and the "tear" shells. Each of these "surprises" was, however, openly threatened, though readers of the newspapers duly jeered at them as mere idle boasts. Yet, sure enough, as each was predicted, so surely it came. The Germans certainly prepared many "surprises" for the world, but have they yet revealed them all? Where is the "Great Surprise" which has so long been threatened?

From the outset of the war campaign, the German objective was Calais; indeed "Calais at all costs!" has been the enemy's battle-cry for the past year. True, a rush was made towards Paris, but Calais was the real goal which the Kaiser's legions were endeavouring—and are still endeavouring—to reach. That the war has for its objective the crushing of ourselves we know upon the Kaiser's own authority.

A Secret Channel Tunnel?

Let the thinking man pause and reflect. If Germany ever entertained the thought of invading England by sea, then that thought must have soon been dispelled by the obstinate increases of the British Navy and the result of the Battle of Jutland. To-day—as was foreseen in Germany long ago—there is a strong British Fleet, with vast mine fields and many secret defences of which mention must not be made. Again, between the French and British ports in the Channel there is a lack of transports. Under such conditions the attempt upon our shores could only be a small raid foredoomed to failure. Yet, there is still one problem remaining, and this problem—however incredible it may appear—is the existence of a secret tunnel beneath the Channel. Let us examine the facts. We know how the feasibility of such a tunnel has been amply demonstrated by our eminent engineers ever since M. Matthieu first proposed the scheme to Napoleon. The scheme has always been opposed by the British military authorities, but the result of the boring of preliminary headways on either side of the shores for 2,000 yards or so established the existence of coal in Kent. That was years ago. But we must not overlook the fact that as soon as coal was discovered the Westphalian coal financiers instantly became interested, constant borings being done with German capital, and often in secret, under the direction of some of the cleverest German engineers and mine-managers, who had acquired wide mining rights in Kent. For what reason?

Anyone who takes the trouble to investigate will discover that one of the most prominent persons engaged in this industry was an Alien who, for years prior to the war, was well known in East Kent for his hospitality. Indeed, this person, so closely interested in the Kent coalfields, bought up large tracts of land in the county, and before the war had gangs of Germans at work. In the course of my own inquiries I have learnt that, so closely was he in touch with Westphalia, his usual habit was to cross to Germany each week! Do not let us dismiss this matter lightly. For years constant and mysterious workings have been in progress. What has been accomplished? Who knows?

Engineers have recently made it plain that the piercing of a Channel Tunnel would be a much easier task than that of the Simplon, and that a period of ten years would suffice to complete the work. What more likely than that Germany's interest long ago became awakened to this novel way of attacking England? And, if so, may not it have been German influence—"the Hidden Hand"—which forbade the tunnel being constructed by Englishmen?

The Promised "Surprise."

Surely the German secrecy has been carried far enough in all other branches of strategy to warrant us in a grave suspicion. Whether a tunnel exists should be closely investigated. That the engineering difficulties could be surmounted we know by the evidence of our greatest engineers; the only real difficulty would be the disposal of the material. But expert views show that once a suitable spot had been secured on the Kent coast, ostensibly owned by persons or companies above suspicion, it would be easy to remove the material. A few tons a day or a night would not attract the eye, and would be carried away at once by wind and wave. Of course such work would require trusty workmen; but no doubt any number of military engineers would have been available, while we also know that great quantities of expensive plant for ventilation have, in the past, actually arrived in Kent by land and by sea. Soon after the outbreak of war a cursory examination was made of some of the workings. But it was only superficial, as seven mines were inspected in the course of ten days. A "great surprise" has been promised us by the Germans. What is it?

Searching Investigation Needed.

Is it this tunnel—the tunnel so dreaded by the British War Office, because by its means they have assured us that we could be successfully invaded? Has it actually been driven through the chalk beneath the Channel until a quarter of a mile, or even less, from the French coast, so that it could be completed in a few days if ever the enemy reached Calais or its neighbourhood? What means this constant hammering at the door of Calais—the thrust that, despite defeat, may yet be repeated with all the enemy's resources, even though the defence of Calais is now assured? Is it from Calais that the Germans hoped to spring upon us their great and startling "surprise," which for so many years they have been preparing—the surprise by which they hoped to stagger the world?

I have not written the above lines without due and serious consideration—with the knowledge that I may be denounced again as a "scaremonger." I hope, however, in uttering this warning, I may receive the support of the public, and that a thorough and searching investigation may be made by properly qualified mining engineers.

DRIVEN TO STEAL.

WAR POSTWOMAN'S SHAMEFUL WAGES.

If we have sympathy with a thief, it is not because we encourage theft. But the Post Office does, if a case at Wrexham goes for aught. The defendant was a war postwoman, and the charge against her was the stealing of a postal packet containing money. It was a test packet, made up to trap the woman, and, when she collected it from a pillar box she hid it, along with some others, in her stocking. Of course she was wrong—wickedly wrong. She was a thief. But what made her so? What drove her to that dishonest act? It is difficult to hold the Post Office authorities guiltless in the face of this reported statement:—"In the course of the evidence it transpired that the woman's pay was 3s. 6d. a week, with a war bonus of 4d." If the figures were not distressing they would be ludicrous. One cannot imagine how the P.O. dares to "pay" a woman a wage of 3s. 6d. weekly, even with—oh, the grim and ghastly humour of it!—a "war bonus of 4d."! What a salary! and what a "bonus"!—because the country is at war, and because times are hard and food dear! Surely the woman's employers must have known that such a wage pointed with a dreadful certainty to either one of two things—to starvation or else to dishonesty. The poor thing chose dishonesty; we say, dispassionately, that she was driven to it. In fining her £5, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment, the Magistrates must have counted on her going to gaol: they can never think she has saved £5 out of that "salary" of hers. And the newspaper reporting the case headed it:—"Postwoman Neatly Trapped." We should prefer to put it:—"Postwoman Driven to Steal"! Even if the 3s. 6d. was for part time employment only, it is obviously utterly inadequate in such times as these.

THE SAME OLD TRICK.

A "FREE PRIZE" THAT MUST BE PAID FOR.

Somebody who calls himself Wilfred Johnson, Advertising Manager of the Premium Watch Co., 13, Normandy Place, Brixton Road, S.W., has been sending a circular to a number of people to say that they have been "awarded" a "valuable prize." The circular goes to perfect strangers, who have not tried to win any "prize" from the Premium Co., and who resent this bare-faced endeavour to bamboozle them. For the "prize" is a "Handsome Lever Simulation 18ct. Gold Watch," and to secure this tinpot timepiece the recipient must cash up 6s. 11d for a "Finest Quality Chain." The whole thing is a simple scheme to beguile innocent folk into paying money for a handful of gimcracks, and any person foolish enough to be caught would certainly repent his bargain. Several readers have complained at being pestered with this offer of a "prize," but we have so often pilloried similar "haves" that we trust none has been snared. One correspondent—a saddle and harness maker—tells us that he sent this amusing retort to the "Advertising Manager of the Premium Watch Co.": "I have the pleasure of awarding you one ass's collar. Kindly let me know the size of your neck and forward 6s. 11d. for 6 ft. of hemp rope to wear with it, and the free collar shall be sent you per return." We are not inclined to regard the suggestion as unmerited in this instance. Another concern in the same disreputable line of business is the "Bargain Watch Co.," of 89, Cornwalls Road, Upper Holloway, the two companions in duplicity being particularly busy just now in circularising the unsophisticated. In view of the national duty to economise, the police should be able to put a stop to such little games.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

Inspector Runciman's revealed
A champion of the Fates,
His programme, which is signed and sealed,
Is "Put it on the rates!"

Awakened, Asquith now beholds
The venomed German risk;
The crawling creature, from its folds,
Shows forth a Basilisk.

O, shocking sight for prudes and cranks
To worry and annoy!
So give the beaming parson thanks,
He champions Sunday joy.

Behold where Russia makes the pace
With growls and snarls to scare;
The Austrians now get pride of place (?)
Before the Russian Bear.

O, Fryatt, since I murdered thee,
I fear the murderer's fate;
The gibbet or the gallows-tree
In horror I await.

I'm Mr. Duke, K.C., M.P.,
And I have got a notion
That studying those who studied me
Has brought me my promotion.

ENEMY MONKS.

BRITISH SUBALTERN AIDS HOLY HUNS.

So choice a hypocrite is the Hun that his religious professions are naturally suspect. This, rightly, is the view of the Buckfastleigh Urban District Council, who have recently presented a trenchant memorial to the Home Office in regard to the German monks at Buckfast Abbey who, up till now, have been allowed a degree of latitude altogether inconsistent with the public safety. The memorial of the Urban District Council sets out the facts with praiseworthy clearness, and it is not surprising that the pious Germhuns at the Abbey are beginning to tremble for the sweet liberties they have hitherto enjoyed. It appears that at the beginning of the war no fewer than 40 of them were registered as enemy aliens; but since then several of the younger monks have been permitted to return to Germany, there being some ground for the fear that they may have been the bearers of information useful to the foe. This is one of the points to which the criticisms of the Buckfastleigh Council are very properly directed; and it is further contended that the postal censorship at the Abbey is inefficient—it is said to be in the hands of a native of Wurtemberg—and that the rule forbidding enemy subjects to leave the Abbey precincts, except under escort, has been most negligently observed. To these and other points we have previously drawn attention, and we heartily welcome the intervention of the local Council, whose strong views on the matter are entitled to respect. As we say, the holy Huns are already getting nervous, and a deputation from the Abbey lately waited upon the Council with some impudent notion of "stating their case" against the proposed memorial. Needless to say, the Council were unmoved; but it is curious to notice that the views of the monks—Germhuns and all—were voiced by Lieut. L. A. Wilde, of the Sherwood Foresters, who, though possessing his Majesty's commission, was not ashamed to hold a brief for the Huns. It was explained that Lieut. Wilde was a member of the Roman Catholic Church; and there is room for no other conclusion than that his religious predilections have warped his sense of patriotism, to say nothing of professional decorum. We venture to hope that for the future the Lieutenant may devote all his energies to the pursuit of arms, leaving the enemy monks of Buckfast to look after themselves.

A HARSH PROCEEDING.

INSURANCE COMPANY AND A LAPSED POLICY.

A Glasgow woman has suffered the lapse of a useful policy in circumstances that seem to call for a word of explanation from the Mutual Property Investment and Accident Company, Limited. As far as we can make out from a perusal of the collecting books, the weekly contributions in respect of a policy of £75 had been paid with unfailing regularity until a sum of £27 4s. 3d. had accumulated to the credit of the insured; but at this point there seems to have been some hitch in the arrangements, and payments evidently fell into arrears for a period of just over three months. For this state of affairs the insured was not wholly to blame. On May 6th it was announced that there would be no further collection of contributions, all premiums to be forwarded in future to the head office at 70, Spring Gardens, Manchester. Up to this date, however, the registered office of the Company was at 180, West George Street, Glasgow; but on calling at this address to tender payment, the insured found that the office was closed. Confused in this way, and unaccustomed to the transmission of moneys by post, the good woman allowed things to slide; but we understand that the amount of the arrears was actually in the hands of the Company when, by a notice dated June 20th last, they announced the "lapsing" of the policy. Since then considerable efforts have been exerted to induce the Company to reconsider their harsh decision—the directors have a wide discretion in such matters—but so far without result. We venture to suggest that for the Company, in the circumstances outlined, to confiscate the premiums paid, not without much sacrifice and effort, is a harsh and tyrannous proceeding, entirely out of keeping with the spirit of the times.

THE "GRAVE MILITARY SCANDAL."

NAMES WANTED—AND ADEQUATE PUNISHMENT OF THE GUILTY.

Bowing to the storm of indignation excited by our disclosure of the *full* horrible story of the martyrdom of a thousand unacclimatised Territorials on the long train journey from Karachi to Rawal Pindi, across the Sind desert in the hottest time of the year, the Government have removed from their posts three of the officers concerned. These are:—Brigadier-General Roe, Acting-Quartermaster-General, who diverted the *Ballarat* from Bombay to Karachi, although aware that that port should not be used for disembarkation during the hot season, and took no steps to warn the military authorities to adopt special precautions for the safety of the men; "The General Officer Commanding at Karachi," who was responsible as embarkation officer, and who failed to see that the safety and the comfort of the troops were provided for; and "The Assistant-Director of Medical Services at Karachi," who neglected to take the precautions suggested by medical science. This is all very well, *as far as it goes*; but why are not the names of the two latter officers given? Brigadier-General Roe has had no consideration shown to him in this respect. We think nothing should be done to screen the identity of the guilty parties, especially as rumours are current that one of the persons at fault was removed some time ago from an Eastern command, following allegations of somewhat similar negligence—the marching of a body of British troops across the desert, in such a way as to render them quite impotent when face to face with the Arab foe. In reply to Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, Mr. Chamberlain said that he "thought he could trust" the Government of India not to give these officials other responsible posts; what we demand is an assurance that they shall be *dismissed*, and not allowed to retire on very substantial pension—a course which is, we believe, open to at least one of the persons concerned. A comfortable competence should not reward any officer who is largely responsible for this terrible and preventable suffering by willing and patriotic Britons. The public demand something more definite than "thoughts"—whilst, as to "trust," they have "paid for" it many times—in blood and treasure—only to be grievously disappointed. Every post from India brings us letters giving the most harrowing particulars of the sufferings endured by our unfortunate men. We refrain from details—no pen could adequately describe the nauseating horrors. By the way, in justice to the tortured men, we think it right to state that, although about 800 of the thousand odd sufferers were undergoing what is euphemistically termed "garrison duty abroad," for breaking leave—in some cases having overstayed by but a few hours their authorised furlough—the balance were drafts sent out to a number of regiments to fill vacancies.

"IN MEMORIAM."

"JOHN BULL'S" WAR BADGES.

As stated last week, we are busy issuing badges to persons who have been honourably exempted from military service, taking great care that only they who are strictly entitled receive them. And, in accordance with our promise, we now announce a free distribution of 10,000 "In Memoriam" Badges. Readers who have lost friends or relatives in the war, and who are desirous of participating in this free distribution, should fill up and forward the subjoined coupon:—

To the Editor of JOHN BULL.

Please forward me one of JOHN BULL'S "*In Memoriam*" *War Badges.*

Name .....

Address .....

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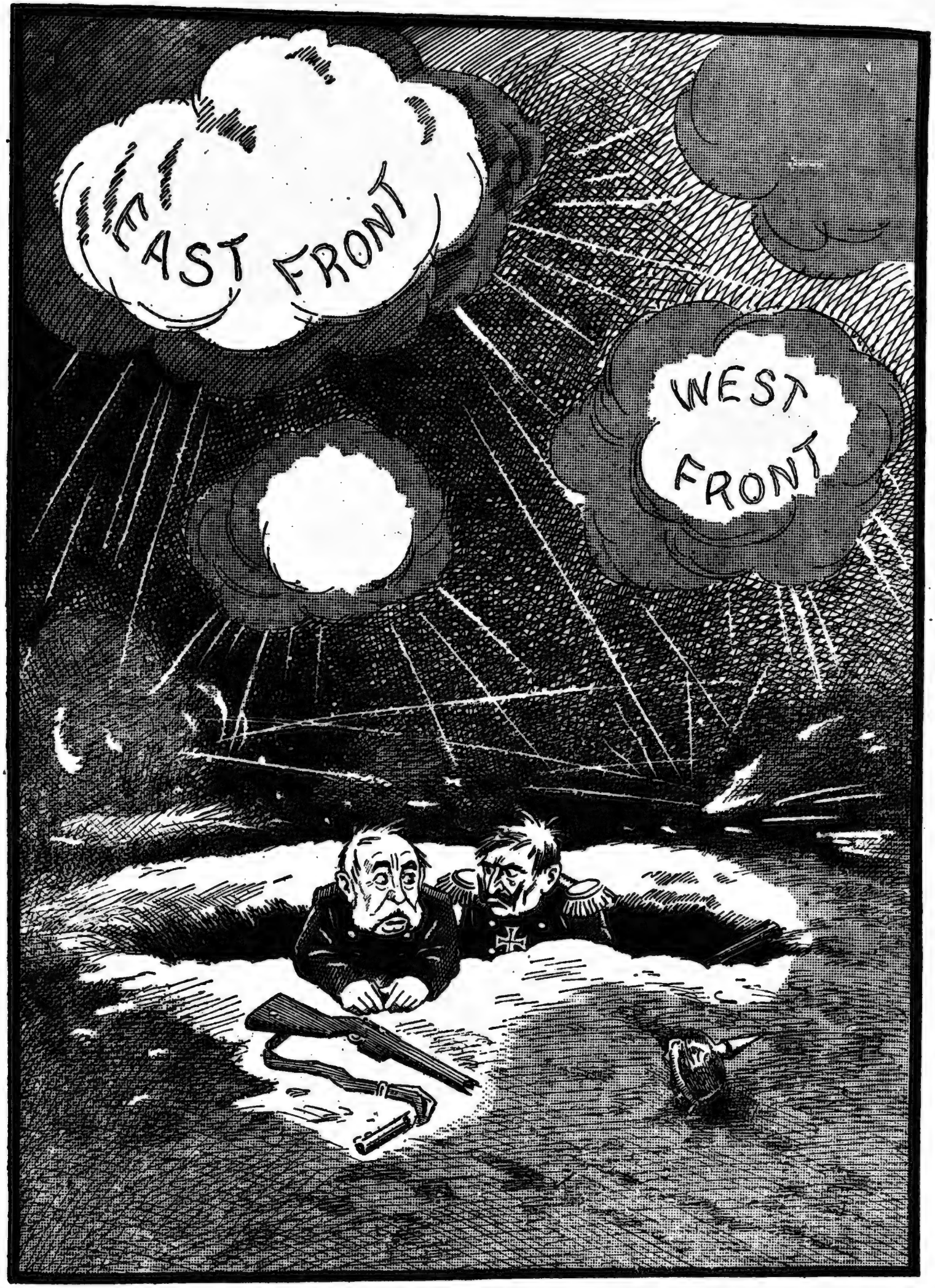
Sensible men use a "John Bull" Pen.

"IN A HOLE"!



[Drawn by Frank Holland after the famous picture by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather.]

Emperor of Austria: "Nice 'ole, we've got into now!"
The Kaiser: "Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it!"

Wanted—A Government "Offensive."

THE DOWNING S

By TH

WE have just been celebrating with solemn thoughts and strong hopes the second birthday of Armageddon. There is no cloud upon the war horizon. All that hung in the balance a year ago has been made plain for victory. It is only when we look to the present Government that we are led to the disconcerting and, indeed, the perilous conclusion that even after two years of war the Politician has learned very little that is useful, and forgotten very little that is bad. Really it is impossible to acquit Ministers of a deplorable inability to understand either what war means or what the country wants. We as a nation cannot always be expected to put up with weakness and muddle. We have overlooked a thousand faults, have forgiven countless blunders. And now when the soldier is fighting his way to a victory which is as certain as sunrise, and may be hastened by the prowess of a splendid army, as well as by the awakening of the Hun to the dread consciousness of the inevitable, we still find our Cabinet floundering in doubt and fumbling with supreme questions that call for stern action and prompt decision.

Up to the King.

No one can accuse me of any desire to embarrass the Executive. Many times I have held my peace when I have received clamorous petitions to denounce the Government for the weak-kneed waverers they persist in proving themselves to be. But I knew the nation was sound at heart, and I was certain that while there is always mischief afoot when the ruling powers lack courage and strength, so long as the People kept a grip of the great essentials we could afford in a measure to ignore the unhappy defects of the Cabinet. In the midst of so overwhelming a war and so over-mastering a task as crushing Germany, it has been the duty of every man who is either a moulder or an instructor of public opinion to realise in the fullest measure the height and depth of his responsibilities. But the duty to the State is supreme, and it is because I have been profoundly moved by the inability of Ministers to rise to the magnitude of their responsibilities that I have again and again urged his Majesty to meet a great emergency with great measures—to forgo the ordinary rules of constitutional etiquette, and if necessary of parliamentary procedure, and to call to his side and to his counsels, men—be they politicians or be they masters of organisation and of Imperial policy—outside the vicious circle of the ruling cliques, and so to strengthen the edifice of Government at a time when we need great capacity for detail and supreme competence in affairs, that the war shall be waged in Whitehall as it is fought in the stricken field—with a burning desire to crush and destroy the Hun, and a never ceasing resolve so to settle accounts that the generation which is to follow ours shall find itself freed from the German taint in politics and society, and liberated from those shackles in restraint of trade and industry which have too long favoured the capitalist and the wage-earner of Germany to the undoing of our own magnificent industrial army.

What we have to do is to throw away our copy-books and take our future lessons from that stern schoolmaster, Experience. We are no longer children; we are grown up.

Coalition Collapsing.

Never let us forget that, unless we alter our old ineffective ways, the war will leave us weaker instead of stronger. It will mean that the fight on sea and on land will be continued in the great markets of the world and within our own country. We have now the opportunity; this is the time in the affairs of the men of the British Empire to regain control over all that the Empire produces, and to build citadels around our commerce which the big guns of Unfair Advantage so long used by the enemy will be powerless to destroy. Recent events have made it abundantly plain that the politicians have not forgotten Parties or burnt their paltry Party banners. Every now and then they bring them out, moth-eaten and musty though they are, and dare to flaunt them in the cleansing breezes of Patriotism. But those winds of Truth and Revelation which have done so much for the nation since it united against the common foe and forgot everything but the supreme passion to humble the enemy to the dust, will continue to keep the national heart strong and pure. It is because the Politician cannot—or will not—understand, that the Coalition Government is now gravely weakened, and we must face the fact that before many weeks be passed something like a revolution may stir the muddy waters of politics and compel the King either to seek the help and advice of an entirely new set of Ministers, or else so to alter the composition of the Cabinet that a live, vigorous and rigorous fighting policy shall place the advantage of a great moral power behind those wonderful forces of men and material which are striking terror into the heart of Germany and giving speed to the hour of victory. There is every evidence that Mr. Asquith's Cabinet has suffered severely by recent events. How long can it continue to misrepresent the spirit and resolve of the nation and to use the kid glove instead of the mailed fist in its dealings with the enemy? Not much longer, I think.

Let Us Act *Now*.

If ever there was a call for quick decision and firm action born of unalterable resolve, it was the murder of Captain Fryatt. Yet the Empire, moved to anger by the callous brutality of that mock trial and the hastened execution of its infamous verdict, is asked to listen only to ministerial denunciations of the crime, and vague, unavailing threats against the criminals. To confiscate by solemn proclamation all the property of the Huns within the confines of the British Empire is the first and obvious course. Why do the Government tarry? What can possibly withhold a decision so just and proper? Is it to be wondered that there is ever growing talk of fear on the part of those in high places because of the property *they* hold in Germany—or that their German friends hold too much property here? Surely it is only natural when the People, who are sacrificing so much to crush the strength of the foe

STREET "DUG-OUT."

THE EDITOR.

Stop this Cabinet Fooling.

and cripple his power for evil, look in vain for decisive measures, that rumour's many tongues should hint at financial complications between influential persons in this free land of ours and some of the degenerate fiends in Hell's land. The only way to prove that these whisperings and innuendoes are as baseless in fact as they imply baseness if true, would be for those in authority to make it plain to the world that for every crime against humanity, for every bestial act which outrages Purity and defiles Innocence, we shall exact the utmost penalty of the law. If the confiscation of all German property within the British Empire involved loss to those of the King's subjects who openly and legitimately held property in Germany, it would be an easy matter to compensate them out of the greater wealth righteously taken from the foe.

The Bar of Outraged Justice.

The Kaiser and his foul crew care nothing for threats; they laugh at our exclamations of horror. Instead of throwing up our hands in pious repudiation of these murderers and workers of the Devil's will, let Ministers *do* something; and, what is of equal importance, let the nation see to it that with all formality and forthwith they put on record and deliver to the German Government their plans for righteous revenge. We never can hope to compete with the Hun in detestable outrages, but we can see to it that we are more than his match in determination. It is futile to meet grave insults with empty threats, or to answer his murderous doings with idle vapourings. We have now the chance to fix for all time the measure of his punishment, as we know from his own boastful declaration the quality of his guilt. And as in exacting vengeance we can also lay the path to assured and sustained peace, the weapon needs only forging and it can be used with merciless results. The nation, I repeat, is ready for reprisals; it is waiting for a decision which cannot be revoked in the softening moments of victory. We are told to be merciful in the hour of triumph; but there are those who, denying mercy, must never be allowed to feel its quality. It is conceivable that the sword of war will never be sheathed so long as the Potsdam murderer and his infamous Prussian gang are permitted to hold even a semblance of authority or rule in the German Empire. Our Allies know this; they would welcome concerted action which should bring the chief offender to the bar of outraged Justice.

The German Taint.

But, I repeat, we cannot expect a stern peace and a lasting triumph unless the nation's affairs are controlled by men of strength and resolution. Where are they to be found? Cannot we look outside the feeble band who palter with national destinies? Put plainly, it is essential that we should be governed by men free of every suspicion of the German taint—great above all in this: that they are determined to rid this land of ours and this Empire which has bled and suffered so much, of everything German, to root it out of every department of our corporate life, to make it impossible for the Hun ever again to set his defiling foot upon our public paths or to exercise his malignant and sinister influence, whether in affairs of State, or mart or factory.

Candidly, I am not particularly impressed with the attitude of the Prime Minister towards the making of that most mighty of all after-war weapons—the economic weapon—for keeping down the power of the enemy and revitalising our own strength. Mr. Asquith and his Government know that all the methods agreed upon at the Allied Conference in Paris for mutually improving commerce and trade, for rebuilding industries we allowed Germany with our eyes open to filch from us, depend for their success upon the speed with which they are carried into execution. I don't like that reservation in the Prime Minister's speech that the weapon is to be "defensive and not offensive." What the nation demands is a weapon of Offence, and the more offensive the better. We have sacrificed much in the past by acting on the defensive. If we are to counter Germany in those attacks in the trade war which she is now boastfully preparing, it must be by counter-attacks. Lord Kitchener, who was as fine a statesman as he was a soldier, has left us a legacy of legislation—21 years of rigorous exclusion of the German from every right which British citizens can claim, and from every avenue of business, which should be reserved for our own flesh and blood. Depend upon it, when the Boys come back they will make short work of any Ministry which dares to parley with the enemy at the gate, or is ready to surrender the heritage regained at the price of our best blood, for the sake of political convictions or economic theories. God knows we have done with them all. And we will see to it that the British Empire for the British People is something more than a cry—it shall be a Religion.

War! War! War!

"There is no more hardened Free Trader than myself," says Mr. Asquith in tones that suggest a blind pride in outworn beliefs and a sickening want of realisation of what *we* mean by "war upon German trade." Not long ago those words were on the lips of the Cabinet. War means war; it means fighting your enemy wherever and whenever you find him—it means advance, aggression—ruthless and unsparing destruction. "I am not surrendering any convictions I have ever held," says the over-worked and obviously wearied head of the Government, and yet in the same speech he says, "We never realised, any of us, until war broke out, how we have allowed ourselves to become dependent with regard to the essential ingredients of some of our most important industries on sources of supply which were not within our own control, but which could be [and were] absolutely controlled by the enemy." There is confession and unrepentance in one breath, if you like! An end to all this political fooling! How long will the Cabinet shelter themselves in the "dug-out" of partisan belief? Give us men—not mandarins—men who will crush the German in the world's markets, drive him forth from Britain, and outlaw him from the nations of the Allies, just as our soldiers are breaking his back in the field!

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He wants cigarettes to smoke every day. So send him a regular supply of "De Reszke" Cigarettes—he's worthy of the very best. Buy them yourself and post the parcel with your own hands—then you know they are bound to reach him safely.
Sold everywhere

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

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T.M. SMOKER'S TOOTH POWDER OR CREAM takes away "tongue bite," dry throat and huskiness, keeps mouth sweet and teeth clean.

Powder, 6d. a tin; Cream, 1/- a tube. All Chemists, or Christy's, Old Swan Lane, E.C.

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Delecta CHOCOLATES
APRICOT AND CREAM
Ask for "DELECTA"—the name describes them.
Boisseliers BOYSELIER'S Watford

EYESIGHT
If Glasses are necessary, send for Illustrated Booklet to England's Leading Opticians,
BLOOM'S Ltd.,
259a, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.
BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

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To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—
No. 51, R.F.R., THOMAS CONNOLLY, 29 Mess, H.M.S. *Benbow*, c.o. G.P.O, London. July 8th A227,275.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 5th:—

006,318	334,761	538,527	836,300	A092,738
014,965	356,427	562,646	890,268	A136,522
129,180	385,253	594,170	934,957	A163,947
136,112	423,829	640,235	956,395	A187,813
158,273	449,475	663,742	981,863	A198,648
190,418	466,307	695,243	A000,065	A243,976
218,563	484,610	714,837	A000,580	A276,056
247,629	496,108	759,050	A007,059	A335,317
275,304	524,837	774,379	A009,738	A359,869
299,500	539,649	782,596	A075,497	A374,059

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 16th).

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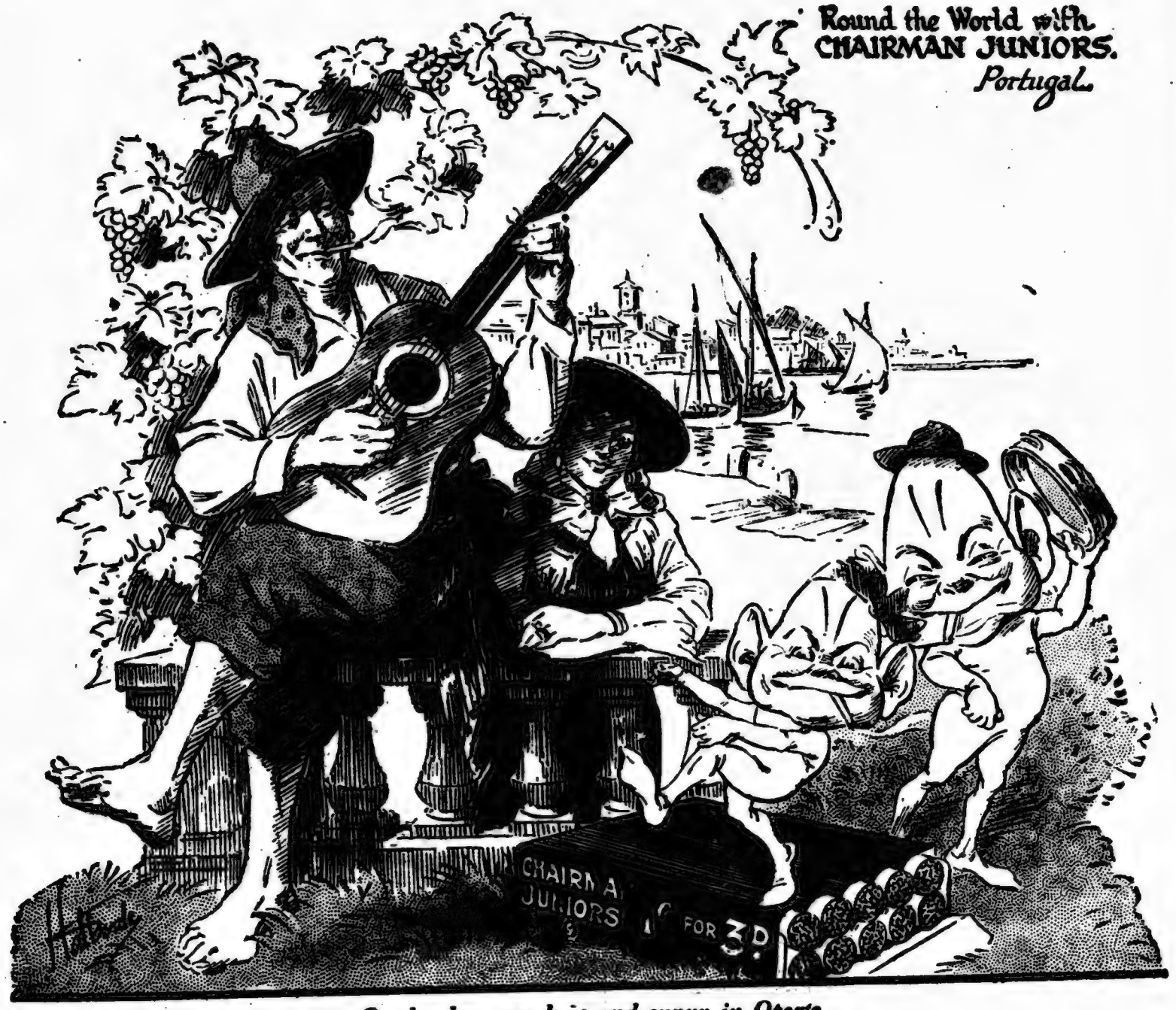
The Paper for Everywoman
EVERY TUESDAY. ONE PENNY.



O, the days are long and sunny in Oporto,
And the folks are all a happy genial sort O!
For they love a merry tune here,
And they smoke our Chairman Junior,
If you've never paid a visit, why, you ought to.

If you examine a packet of Chairman Juniors Cigarettes you will find that they are beautifully made, wholly free from dust and are well packed. Smoke one, and the flavour, coolness, and clean Virginian aroma will convince you of the quality and fineness of the blend of the tobacco. They are excellent in every respect—in fact they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold *everywhere* at

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In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them. . . . And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

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Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

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He wants cigarettes to smoke every day. So send him a regular supply of "De Reszke" Cigarettes —he's worthy of the very best. Buy them yourself and post the parcel with your own hands— then you know they are bound to reach him safely.
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WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—
No. 51, R.F.R., THOMAS CONNOLLY, 29 Mess, H.M.S. *Benbow*, c.o. G.P.O., London. July 8th A227,275.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 5th:—

006,318	334,761	538,527	836,300	A092,738
014,965	356,427	562,646	890,288	A136,522
129,180	385,253	594,170	934,957	A163,947
136,112	423,829	640,235	956,395	A187,813
158,273	449,475	663,742	981,863	A198,648
190,418	466,307	695,243	A000,065	A243,976
218,563	484,610	714,837	A000,580	A276,056
247,629	496,108	759,050	A007,059	A335,317
275,304	524,837	774,379	A009,738	A359,869
299,500	539,649	782,596	A075,497	A374,059

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 16th).

EVERYWOMAN'S
The Paper for Everywoman
EVERY TUESDAY. ONE PENNY.

O, the days are long and sunny in Oporto,
And the folks are all a happy genial sort O!
For they love a merry tune here,
And they smoke our Chairman Junior,
If you've never paid a visit, why, you ought to.

If you examine a packet of Chairman Juniors Cigarettes you will find that they are beautifully made, wholly free from dust and are well packed. Smoke one, and the flavour, coolness, and clean Virginian aroma will convince you of the quality and fineness of the blend of the tobacco. They are excellent in every respect—in fact they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold *everywhere* at

10 for 3d.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them. . . . And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA. Ltd. Manchester.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

STRENGTH IS WHAT YOU NEED.

If you are tired, weak, run-down and lack ambition or nerve force you are running the risk of having a serious breakdown if you fail to secure proper treatment at once.

For those who are suffering from loss of strength or nerve-troubles there is nothing that can equal Sargol for revitalising the nerve cells and bringing strength and energy to every part of the body. Sargol has increased the strength of delicate, run-down, nervous people more than 300 per cent. in many instances. It does not matter whether you have lost your strength and nerve-power from overwork, illness, or from business worries, Sargol will bring back your old-time strength and energy if you will give it a fair trial. It strengthens the system and tones it up as no other preparation can.

Sargol is a doctor's prescription, and not a patent medicine. It is so carefully prepared that even the weakest stomach will quickly assimilate its strength and nerve-restoring properties. That is why it is prescribed so freely by physicians for those whose strength is below normal. If you are wondering if Sargol would actually benefit you, why not do the one thing which can convince you—give Sargol a trial? And with your nerves begging you for help and your friends worrying about your condition, why not do this soon?

Sargol is sold and recommended by such high-class firms as Boots Cash Chemists, Harrods, Selfridges, Taylor's Drug Stores, Lewis & Burrows, and Wm. Whiteley's. If you do not live near a dealer, send 3s. direct to the

SARGOL COMPANY (Dept. 305,)

Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

When buying Dog, Poultry and Cage Bird FOODS —be careful of fancy names.

Some foods you *think* are SPRATT'S are *not* SPRATT'S at all. Always look for the name

SPRATT'S

and the TRADE MARK X

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 24-25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

844

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Suits, Costumes, Blouse-Robes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ON EASY TERMS.

HOLD UP THE MIRROR TO THE MOUTH.

The Pain We Endure.—The Penalty We Pay.

By A. AHUMADA.

" For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently."

Every reader is, of course, familiar with the above quotation. But suppose we could all " endure the toothache patiently " the neglect of our teeth would be still more prevalent, and what a catastrophe to humanity, what a motley lot we would be, what a dyspeptic, disgruntled, disagreeable assortment of human beings.

Would it be surprising? If the system is nourished by what we eat, if, by the process of mastication, we prepare our food for the stomach by grinding it into a pulp before swallowing, so that it may be digested, and, by the mechanical process of nature made to nourish the system, is it not evident that the entire body depends on proper mastication?

This being granted, if our teeth are decayed and painful, perhaps entirely gone, with what are we to masticate our food?

THE GREAT MAJORITY.

It is true that the science of dentistry has enabled one to replace artificially every tooth in one's head, and it is marvellous how many of us have permitted ourselves by dire necessity to be forced into this artificiality of teeth, simply because of neglect.

It is tantamount to paying cent. per cent. interest per annum on a borrowed sum of money for a lifetime, while able to repay the principal, but instead, prefer to squander it wilfully on this, that, or the other.

It was Mr. Goldberg, of 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, W., the originator of the new and improved method of bridge work which has revolutionised this branch of dentistry, who prompted me, by his interesting observations on the care of the teeth, to argue thus with thousands of readers in need of such wonderfully skilled dental work as he practises. A master of his profession to the last word, I regretted the termination of my very short sitting, during which he revealed some of the wonders of dental science. I wondered at the dilatoriness of the very great majority when it comes to the question of their teeth.

THE PENALTY MUST BE PAID.

I thought then, and I think now, how and why it is that we are all so prone to suffer the penalty of lost teeth merely from neglect, when a few hours or even minutes of attention by such a skilful master of his profession could have saved them.

False teeth are all right if we must have them, but why neglect the teeth until it becomes imperative to have them extracted and substituted by false ones, until so many are gone that a plate is absolutely necessary.

If, on the first appearance of a small cavity, the teeth are treated and filled, a great deal of pain, time, and money would be saved to us, to say nothing of health, which is rapidly undermined by the existence of decayed teeth in the mouth.

Pain in connection with dentistry is a thing of the past, and there is no one who can prove this to the most sensitive, the most nervous individual, better than Mr. H. Goldberg, of 27, New Cavendish Street, London. His personality alone is the greatest possible assurance of this. It assures one that he is a master of his profession, while his work is the best example of the progress in the science of dentistry, whether it be a painless extraction, filling a crown, a bridge, or—the inevitable and last resort of those who neglect their teeth—a plate.

We should all bear in mind that while we deny ourselves the comfort of sound and well-kept teeth, we are also denying ourselves of perfect health, robbing ourselves of the nourishment of the food we eat, and martyring our stomachs, blood and nerves. " Hold up the mirror to your mouth."—[*Advt.*]

See " John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

By Our Own Tonsorial Artist.

MR. ASQUITH.

Good afternoon, sir. I've bin wishin' you would drop in the larst few days, and 'ere you are! Reminds me of the ole sayin', sir—talk of the Devil an' 'e's shore to appear. Not thet I'm exackly comparin' you to the Devil, sir. I don't want to offend neether Ole Nick or you, sir, fur thet matter. *'Air trimming?* Yessir. *W'y was I anxious to see you?* W'y, I was beginnin' ter wonder w'en you're goin' ter get a move on with respect ter certin little matters wot's waitin' yore attention. *Wot are they?* W'y, there's the murder of Captain Fryatt, fur one thing. Ain't nuthink goin' ter be done erbout thet? Is the British Guv'ment, wot you're the 'ead of, goin' ter take a blarsted murder like thet lyin' down? Wot, *we mus'nt ack 'astily?* Wot the 'ell do you mean, sir? You must *h*excuse me plain langwidge, but I feels bitter about that dirty bit of work. Shorely there's some prominent German in England wot you could 'ave seized and 'eld to ransom, or suthink. Are you agoin' to let British subjects, pursuin' their legitimit an' peaceful occupashuns, be murdered by filthy vermin like the 'Uns without takin' instant action? No, I'm not in a 'urry. Thet ain't the on'y thing. Wot is the Guv'ment doin' erbout the ill-treatment of British prisoners in Germany? 'Ere we've got thousands of 'Un prisoners, dirty scum not fit to breathe, perlootin' the *h*air of England in comfort, eatin' an' drinkin' the best, allowed luxyeries an' proper medical attendance w'en they want it, w'ile our pore 'eroes are starved an' torchered in the prisoners' camps in Germany. Wot are you agoin' ter do erbout it, an' w'en are you agoin' ter move? *Still under careful considera-shun? Careful considerashun!* Good God, man! Wot the 'ell do you mean? W'ile you're carefully considerin', our pore chaps is dyin' like flies in Germany! Then, there's another thing. Wot erbout the internment of aliens? W'y, on'y the other day a chap wot I knows wos in a restorong on the South Coast an' wos served by a foreign waiter. "Wot nationality are you?" 'e ses. "Swiss," ses the waiter, with a German *h*accent. "You sound an' look more like a German then a Swiss," ses my pal. Then the dirty tyke of a foreigner sneers, an' ses somethink disparagin' erbout the British. So my pal ups an' goes for 'im, an' gits run in fur assault. Forchinitely, the beaks wot 'e 'ad to appear before wos British orl through, an' lets my pal off with costs, 'e 'avin' smashed a thing or two in the scrimmage. . . . Wot's thet? *Orl the aliens at large are 'arm-less!* Don' chew believe it, sir! You never knows. Them wot seems the most 'armless may be the most 'armful. Intern the lot, sir! Take my tip. You're Prime Minister. Put some ginger into yore work. The country 'll up'old you. Then, there's another thing. Wot erbout——— Orl right, sir. If you must go, you must. Thank you, sir. Goo' day, sir!

TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS.

By Our Own Distinguished Neutral.

BARON VON BISSING.

I am not at liberty to disclose the baron's (small b, please, Mr. Printer) present place of internment. Let it suffice that, if anything, it errs on the side of comfort. I could not forbear a laugh at your benignant Government when I was introduced into the baron's quarters.

"Why you do laugh?" he demanded.

"I'm not laughing at you, baron," I said. "God knows, you are not a laughing matter. On the contrary. But that is by the way. I am amused in a sardonic sort of way by the diverse treatment meted out to their prisoners by the respective belligerents in this war. I have recently been in Germany, and——"

"Ah!" exclaimed the baron, "Mine beloved Fatterland! How she was?"

"Rotten," I replied. "The people are growing mutinous and rebellious, the Army is getting cold feet, and the Kaiser is becoming a misery to himself and an unholy terror to other people. But I have not called to talk to you about Germany, but about England, baron," I said. "What do you think of the English now?"

The baron smiled a slow smile.

"They are faithful friends, furious fighters, and—fatuous fools," he said.

"*Fools?*" I echoed, astonished. "In what way?"

"Had they not fools been," replied the baron, "the war six months ago over would have been."

"I should like to know how you arrive at that opinion," I said.

"Through his agents the Kaiser still has a firm hold on England," explained the baron. "Thousands of my good compatriots are still at large here. Through them, news of all England's preparations passes rapidly to Berlin. I know, because——"

"Yes?" I queried, exasperated by his sudden pause. "Because what?"

"Because," repeated the baron, slowly, "well, because—er—just because." And he grinned significantly.

"Oh, ah!" I said, "I see."

"Now, in the Fatterland," pursued the baron, "there is not one Britisher at large. Consequently no absolutely authentic news of the condition of Germany filters through to England. If, six months ago, the British Government had been accurately informed as to the internal condition of Germany, she might have dealt the dear Fatherland a swift and sudden blow at a certain vulnerable point and rendered her helpless."

"You mean——" I began.

"Yes, yes," interrupted the baron, hastily. "Exactly."

"Ah!" I countered, knowingly. "I thought you meant that. So, for the last six months Germany has simply been bluffing?"

The baron crept on tiptoe to the door and laid his ear against it.

"Hush!" he said. "England is waking up. Someone is outside eavesdropping. Let us change the subject."

CANADIAN OFFICER.

"My occupation in normal times is buying and selling real estate in the Nor' West Province. For the last year or so I've been surveying some likely plots for building in Flanders. . . . One cannot exactly claim perfect drainage or restful surroundings, but at present there is the attraction of good companionship, and when one lights up an Army Club Cigarette he feels there are worse places than a dug-out. 'Gee whiz!' But an 'Army Club' is a real 'chummy' cigarette, and welcome at all times of the day."

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB" CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

On sale at A. Baker and Co.'s branches, Bewlay's, Finlay's, Selfridge's, A. W. Gamage's, Spiers and Pond's, A. I. Drapkin's Stores, and other high-class Tobacconists.

Cavander's ARMY MIXTURE, a Mellow, non-bite Mixture, 7½d. per oz.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in John Bull, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

ARMOUR-PLATE YOUR WRIST WATCH.

It's as easy as winding it up—to slip your wrist watch (any size) into the Army Wrist Watch Protector, and then your watch is safe under any conditions; dust-tight, scratch-proof, splinter proof. And if you're a soldier it gives you freedom from the danger of attracting bullets by your wrist watch glass. Is the only contrivance that clasps *under* as well as over. It is handy, opens with a touch, and closes automatically. Protects your watch even without a glass. Made in six sizes to fit any wrist watch. Special size for Ladies. Size 4 fits the Ingersoll Wrist Watch.

Showing Army Protector closed.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Nickel or Khaki finish 1/6. Leather Covered 2/6. Rolled Gold from 3/6. Also in Solid Silver and Solid Gold.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, &c.

If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller, send Stamps or Postal Orders to Sales Manager, Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, Liverpool.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY.

The annual meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Co., Ltd., was held on the 3rd inst. Mr. Charles Threlfall, chairman of the company, presiding, said: The gross trading profit for the year amounts to £218,896. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £59,118. We are placing £10,000 to reserve, and a further sum of £5,000 to reserve for contingencies, and added £1,000 to employees' insurance under the Workmen's Compensation Act 1906, and carried forward the sum of £51,252 16s. 9d. The Output of Beer (Restriction) Bill has now become law, which places temporary restrictions on the output of beer, and it will require great care and watchfulness to carry out these new regulations. An amount of £4,955 has been paid from the commencement of the war to June 30th last to dependents of the 217 men who are serving their country. Out of this number I much regret to say that four have been killed and sixteen wounded. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares, and at the rate of 10per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30th, which, with the interim dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, makes 9 per cent. for the year. The report was adopted unanimously.

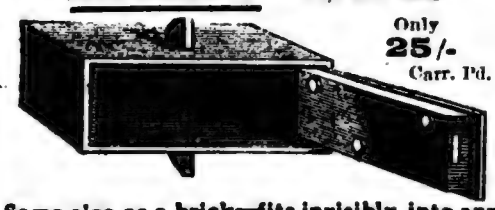
RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS.

Sir Adolph Tuck, presiding at the meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, held on the 3rd inst., said the house of Tuck completed 50 years of its history that day. The war had brought about a contracted market, scarcity of labour and material hampering and limiting output, and increased cost of every commodity. The natural reduction in general turnover and the enhanced cost of production, taken in conjunction with the carefully considered policy of the directors to interfere as little as possible with their regular prices to the trade and public, had raised the overhead expenses on turnover to a figure dangerously near the total of the still fairly large gross profit earned, and reduced the actual net profit to £3,072. Having succeeded in making a small margin of profit, he thought they had no reason to be ashamed of their stewardship. The first three months of the new year showed nearly 20 per cent. advance in actual orders taken for the coming season.

CUBA-BARTLE SUGAR PLANTATIONS

Mr. O. C. Hawkes, J.P., presiding on the 4th inst. at the first ordinary general meeting, said it was a source of great pleasure to the directors to be able to give in the report such satisfactory information regarding the company and to be able to show that they were developing the estates more rapidly and at considerably less expense than originally anticipated. Mr. C. T. Budgett (a director) said that he believed that the company had all the elements of success, including the fertile lands of virgin soil well situated for the world's markets, a good manager and a necessary product. Mr. D. R. Mackenzie (general manager in Cuba) said he did not think that in our lifetime sugar would return to the pre-war figure, but in any event the shareholders might rest assured that no sugar would be produced in any other fields, either of cane or beet, at a lower price per pound than he could give them from their estate at Bartle. Sir Harold Elverston, M.P. (director) spoke optimistically of the progress and prospects of the company. Sir Wm. H. Davies, M.P., also expressed his confidence in the future of the company under the capable management of the present board.

YOU NEED THIS SECRET SAFE.



Only **25/-** Carr. Pd.

Same size as a brick—fits invisibly into any of your walls—will keep your money, private papers, jewellers and other valuables, far safer than a drawer, box, or ordinary safe.

The size of an ordinary brick, it can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. It has best hardened steel door, with good six-lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Quite easy to fit it in by yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The Ideal Safe for homes, hotels, apartment houses, vestries, shops, etc. Made in two sizes: 9 ins. wide, **25s.**; 13 ins. wide, **30s.** Sent car. pd. on receipt of cash. Money back if dissatisfied & safe returned in good condition within 10 days, carriage paid. Special cement for fixing one safe 1s. extra. Customer writes: "Am pleased with safe; key plug arrangement is very ingenious." Order to-day, before you suffer loss, or send for full particulars to sole makers—

BRICK SAFE CO., 217, Morville St., Birmingham

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

We regret that a better system is not adopted by the Pensions Department. Pensioners' draft books are made out for a certain number of weeks, and when exhausted are called in. It often happens that the pensioner is left waiting for some time before a new book is issued, and the result is numerous applications to JOHN BULL which would not be made if the authorities were more prompt.

Last week we sympathised with the epileptics discharged from the Army. Within a few hours of the issue of the paper a stream of alleged epileptics set in towards Long Acre, and it flowed for several days. About one in twenty cases was genuine and obtained relief; the remainder, of course, were turned empty away. Alas, for human nature!

We have relieved the usual dozens of disabled soldiers discharged from Home service without pensions, and unfit for work at present. The majority of the men have dependants.

The wife of a soldier lost her eight-year-old daughter, and is ill herself. The child was not insured, and as the woman's weekly allowance is 17s. 6d. only, she had to come to us for the burial money—which she promptly got.

It is to be hoped that the question of increasing soldiers' pensions will soon be definitely settled. We are visited daily by men who have a mere 4s. 8d. a week, which is supposed to support themselves and their families. We do what we can in every case presented to us; but, of course, such relief as we give can only be temporary.

Some additional strain is placed upon our fund through the regulation which grabs a proportion of the dependants' allowance when the wife or a member of the family is in the infirmary. This very often spells distress in the humble home, and we should like to see the matter receive parliamentary attention.

A large class of applicants are women who receive money in error from pay offices, and are usually quite aware all along that they are not entitled to it. When they are written to for a refund, they come to us with concocted stories and many protestations of innocence. In such cases there is "nothing doing."

A soldier obtained leave to go home to see his wife, who was ill. He remained three weeks over his allotted time, and was, of course, taken back as a deserter, being sentenced to the usual punishment, and his wife—who had meantime recovered—had her allowance stopped. This meant practical destitution. We helped; but we wish it to be understood that, owing to the great prevalence of unavoidable distress, in future we shall "turn down" all cases of hardship brought upon families by soldiers who commit military "crimes" with a full knowledge of the consequences.

An ex-bluejacket visited us. He had been discharged from the service and has not yet obtained a pension. We "threw him a line" (financially), and gave him his course to the Statutory Committee. Men of the Fleet and mercantile marine are the best friends of our fund, as our subscription list eloquently shows, and we naturally have a warm corner in our hearts for any of them who fall upon the rocks, and do everything in our power to assist them.

We are approached on behalf of numerous soldiers' wives who are about to present hostages to fortune and are not in the position to receive the maternity benefit offered by the Army. This is the fault of the husbands, who, not having previously been members of an Approved Society, neglected to place themselves under the insurance scheme on joining the Colours. We thus not only bury the dead, but act as almoners towards little strangers.

We think acknowledgment is due for the courtesy and prompt action invariably extended to us by the Paymasters to whom we write on behalf of soldiers' dependants when financial hitches arise. In every case matters are adjusted within twenty-four hours. The delays, it is, too, but fair to say, are usually due to slackness on the part of officials other than the Paymasters.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *YOU* HELP?

"Master, Officers and Crew of s.s. *Hermione*," £11 5s.; A. P. A., 10s.; "196," 2s.; "Gracia," 5s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; C. A., £1; M. P. T., 2s. 6d.; A. B. (S. Africa), 12s.; C. H., 3s. 2d.; D. C. G. (S. Africa), 8s. 4d.; W. C. (Natal), £1 1s.; L. L. E., 5s.; A. D., 2s. 6d.; "Collected at Earlham Rd. Post Office, Norwich" (per D. M. P.), 6s. 6d.; J. E. B., 10s.; R. L. D., 5s.; H. H. S., 2s. 4d.; J. A. S., 2s. 4d.; J. B. M. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; "South African Railway Guard," 5s.; C. H. B., 2s. 6d.; Miss A. R., 1s.; Mrs. E. H. J., £10; "Master and Crew of s.s. *Eleanor*," £1 16s. 6d.; F. H. F., 2s. 6d.; "Loyal," 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; F. I. S. L., 1s.; L. C., 1s.; R. G. K., 6d.; J. C., 1s. 6d.; M. W., 2s. 6d.; M. G. R., 2s. 6d.; "Ruby," 2s.; H. W. G., 1s.; "A Lover of Fair Play," 1s.; H. E. H., 2s.; Lt. F. W. S., 9s.; W. M., 1s.; "A Sailor Boy's Mother," 1s.; M. G. (Connecticut), £1; H. F., 3s. 6d.; J. W., 1s.; A. F., 1s.; P. B., 2s. 6d.; Weekly Collection C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 7s.; "Bruce," 2s. 6d.; W. H. S., 2s.; M. H. (Eccles) 7s. 6d.; J. H. G., 4d.; R. J. B., 5s.; A. McC., 1s.; "Collected at Ossett Conservative Club," 15s. 6d.; "A Norwegian," £3 3s.; "A 'Derbyite' Called Up," 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; J. W. (Swaziland), 1s. 6d.; "One of the S.E. Force," 2s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; J. S., 1s.; W. J. S., A. W. S., and W. B. (Accra), 10s.; "Troubled," 1s.

Mr. A. Carter, the winner of the First Prize in our 197th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £1.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LIFFOOK.—Mr. J. M. Balfry, Bramshott Camp, £1.

ABERDEEN.—Mr. Warren, University Bar, Torry, 2s. 7d.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. Steven, 69, South Clerk Street, 3s. 2½d.

LONDON.—Mr. H. J. Fry, "Clayton Arms," Kennington Oval, 2s. 10½d.; Mr. E. J. Oliver, "Archduke Charles," Rodney Road, Walworth, 2s. 7d.; Mr. E. White, "Clarendon," Clarendon Road, Holland Park, 2s. 7½d.; Mr. W. M. Pantaney, "The Alma," 175, Westbourne Grove, W., 3s.; Messrs. G. Robinson and Son, 17-21, Tachbrook Street, Pimlico, 6s. 1d.; Mr. R. G. Ryan, "Duke of Cambridge," Palace Street, 4s.; Messrs. E. Emmerton and Co., 141, Mitcham Road, Tooting, S.W., 2s. 10d.

To Derby Recruits and others.

B Company.
3/13th Kensington Reserve Battl
Hazeley Down Camp
Nr Winchester

To Messrs Godfrey Phillips Sons Ltd
London.

Gentlemen

I thought you would like to Know of the following little incident On Friday last I was called up under the Derby Scheme on the station platform at Earls Court I purchased a packet of your B D V Cigarettes never having tried these particular Cigarettes before & to my surprise enclosed was a Silk Badge of the very Regiment (as named above) I was to join up that day now I Consider this a good omen I have had it enclosed in a case for my wife to wear & feel that it will bring me luck through the life I have taken up.
The Cigarettes I might mention are A 1. the aroma & flavour is good & I shall certainly not smoke any other Cigarettes while I am a Soldier. & will recommend them to my Chums in the Camp here.

No matter what your Regiment may be a Silk Badge of the Regiment is enclosed in one or the other of the packets of

B.D.V.

SILK PICTURE

CIGARETTES

10 for 4d. 20 for 7½d.

Sold everywhere by all Tobacconists.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

"I'm so excited!

"I'm looking forward to the arrival of our new furniture. It's a dream—just the very thing we'd set our hearts on. But there! you simply can't help finding exactly what you want at the 'Midland.' They give you such a splendid variety of choice—over £100,000 worth of the most beautiful furniture you ever saw. And every price marked in plain figures. Yes—

Money buys more at the 'Midland'"

The huge business done by the "Midland," and the fact that they control the actual manufacture of what they sell, enables them to save you the heavy middleman's profit, usually included in the retail price. Nowhere else can furniture of such superb quality be bought so economically as at the "Midland." And nowhere else can you secure the crowning advantage of the "Midland" Ideal Terms, without having to pay a penny for interest or any extras whatsoever.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Drawing Room Suite.

This charming Suite comprises an elegant inlaid Mahogany Cabinet in Sheraton style, a Settee and two Easy Chairs beautifully upholstered and covered in Tapestry to customer's choice, and a dainty inlaid Occasional Table and inlaid Occasional Chair. .... **20 Guineas.**

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture TO-DAY.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

10% Discount for Cash.

Rail Fares Paid

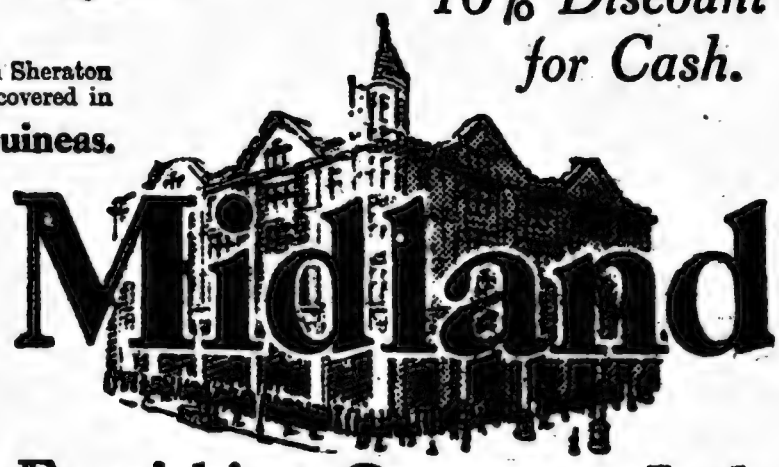
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland," customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**



Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

"Chiselling" at Chisledon.

The soldiers at Chisledon Camp—nearly two thousand in number—are very anxious to know why their pay is stopped to the extent of 1s. a head each month. They also complain that out of their own pockets they have to purchase the soap and other things needed for the cleaning of their huts. It would not be amiss if the General-in-Command held an investigation into these matters and the management of the camp as a whole.

The Red Caps' Harvest.

The soldier-man eminently resembles the Biblical character who went down into Jericho and fell among thieves. Readers of this page must have noticed the various means adopted, officially and unofficially, to diddle him out of as much of his pay as possible. We are sorry to receive complaints against those military guardians of law and order, the "Red Caps." Being policemen, they have considerable power—and in the darkness of the night, particularly in the West-end, a few find means of inducing Tommy to part with some of his money. The favourite game is to accuse the soldier of trafficking in cocaine. As Tommy knows the power of the policeman's tongue, he prefers to hand over his funds to facing an inquiry, although he knows he is innocent.

Want at Winchester.

Soldiers at Winchester Camp complain that they are half-fed. Like the troops in many other encampments, they have to write begging letters to their families and friends, asking for food. This is a disgrace to the nation, and such a state of things should not be permitted to continue.

Pampering the Pirates.

Of course we intend to flatten out Germany, break it up into separate States, hang the Kaiser, blow up Krupp's, and sink the German Navy. These things may happen; but in the meantime we protest strongly against the most-favoured-nation treatment being given to the accursed "square heads" who are brought to this country wounded. In some cases our own sick and wounded soldiers are compelled to transfer themselves to the floors of the wards in order that the Boches may have their comfortable beds. Again, in Blandford the other day, a unit which had spent much time and labour preparing huts for their own accommodation were ordered to hand the hutments over to German prisoners. They then had to prepare other abodes for themselves. It seems as if very drastic steps are requisite to induce the authorities to "play the game" with our soldiers.

The Military "Pack Mule."

One day somebody in authority at the front will awaken to the fact that soldiers when on the march are overloaded and turned into pack-mules. A week or so ago a unit was moving to an attack supposed to be delivered five miles away. In addition to their packs, they had extra ammunition and rations; the bombers carried 25lbs. weight of bombs; the machine gunners their guns and fitments; the signallers their telephones, reels of wire, lamps, dispatch cases, etc., and others were loaded with entrenching tools, sand bags, barbed wire, stakes, and so on. Of the six hundred men only a few over a hundred turned up to time. The remainder were fagged-out stragglers, and the attack had to be postponed! A little common sense on the part of commanders goes a long way in these times.

Taking it out of Tommy.

On dropping into a Soldiers' Home in Yorkshire we observed the following notice:—"The War Office has now sanctioned the sale of writing paper, envelopes, ink, pens, pencils and soap, all of which are now on sale. See price lists." We understood that such goods were provided free to the men by the Soldiers' Homes at the expense of the philanthropic public!

The Censor Again.

A few days ago a woman received a letter from her brother, who is at the front. He asked for some stationery and something else. The intelligent Censor daubed the "something else" over with ink. A little manipulation of the letter revealed the fact that the obliterated words were "blood mixture." Perhaps the empty-headed official had never heard of the commodity!

Straf.ng the Soldiers.

We have let some of our hospitals and convalescent homes off lightly, hoping that time would bring improvement; but we must protest at the treatment given to our brave men. Some matrons and officers are evidently up against gifts of cigarettes and tobacco, motor drives, innocent tea parties, and such. Then the soldier in some institutions has to go to bed like a baby, with the sun still high in the heavens, and the voices of playing children in his ears. The rule is that all conversation in the wards must cease at nine o'clock—which, according to solar time, is of course eight o'clock. We would make a special appeal to the authorities of "The Shrubbery" Convalescent Home at Dover and the Caen Tower Home at Highgate. We must watch these institutions.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:—

L/Cpl. H. W. Hall, 7070, 1st Somerset L.I.; Rfn. A. Long, Z86, Lewis Gun Section, C Co., 1st Rifle Bde.; Pte. A. Potter, 10061, C Co., 6th Cameron Hdrs.; Pte. W. Jennings, 7292, C Co., 1st Somerset L.I.; Rfn. G. H. Butcher, 2604, A Co., 1st London Rifle Bde.; Pte. J. Cox, 432059, A Co., 49th Batt., C.E.F.; Pte. G. Dalton, 1657, C Co., 23rd N.F.; Pte. A. D. Godward, 15208, 2nd Essex Rgt.; Pte. H. Gormley, 10851, I Co., 8/10 Gordon Hdrs.; Pte. G. A. Smitten, 4751, D Co., Royal Warwickshire Rgt.; Rfn. J. E. Lacey, 2260, 12th Co. of London "The Rangers"; Rfn. R. D. Bennett, 3751, 12th Co. of London, "The Rangers"; Pte. G. E. Turnbull, 2815, 32 G.B.D., 17th Sec., 16th N.F.; Sergt. E. L. Burley, 2829, 9th Co. of London ("Queen Vics."); Pte. S. Cowen, 19028, B Co., 2nd Leicesters, 28th Indian Infantry Bde.; Rfn. A. J. Ward, 2998, C Co., London Rifle Bde.; L/Cpl. C. A. Brown, 2950, 6th Gloucester Rgt.; Pte. G. Martin, 4515, C Co., 1/6 R.W.R.; Lieut. Orsmond Gay Payne, 2nd Berks Rgt.; Pte. R. J. Smith, 4126, C Co., 1/8 Royal Warwicks; Pte. W. A. Oakes, 8801, D Co., 2nd Seaforth Hdrs.; Pte. F. C. Butt, 1721, C Co., London Rifle Bde.; L/Cpl. L. Mussenden, 1646, C Co., 1/9 London Rgt. (Queen Victoria's Rifles); Pte. J. Smith, 7392, 1st Roy. Inniskilling Fusrs.; Pte. J. Foley Naylor, 2607, 1st L.N.L.; Rfn. R. Campbell 790, 16th Royal Irish Rifles (Pioneers); Rfn. J. Garnett Lee, 3086, A Co., 12th London Rgt.; Pte. E. E. Wood, 3324, C Co., 2/2 London Rgt.; att. 12th London Rgt.; Cpl. H. Booth, 16960, 9th Batt., K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. F. Cross, 17313, 1st Grenadier Gds.; Rfn. W. G. Kettle, 2435, B Co., 9th Co. of London Rgt. (Queen Victoria Rfls.); Pte. B. Cheadle, Machine Gun Sec., B Co., Sherwood Foresters; L/Cpl. F. C. George, 8th Royal Highlanders; Pte. A. N. Giddings, 1998, 1/4 Wiltshires, att. 2nd Dorsets.

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & Co., Ltd.

The 25th ordinary general meeting of the Company was held at Liverpool on the 29th ult., the Right Hon. Lord Furness presiding.

The Chairman in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said it was a matter of deep regret that for a second year they met under the cloud of war. Under existing circumstances, the industry with which they were identified continued to be profitable, and the result of the year's working, as shown in the accounts, had, from the shareholders' point of view, been very satisfactory. In view of the competition that might be expected after the war, the directors had deemed it prudent to increase the Trades Contingencies Fund by the Transfer of £300,000, bringing it up to half a million sterling. Such a substantial reserve would place the Company in a position to cope with whatever competition and adverse circumstances might arise, whether at home or abroad. The usual amount of £350,000 had been written off for depreciation, and a sum of £20,000 had been added to the fund inaugurated last year for division amongst the masters, officers, and engineers of their fleet, on the termination of the war. The half-yearly preference dividends had, of course, already been paid, together with quarterly dividends on the ordinary share capital at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, free of Income Tax, and the directors now recommended the payment of a bonus of 10 per cent. free of Tax on the ordinary share capital, which would make a total distribution for the year ended April 30th, 1916, of 20 per cent. free of Income Tax. The liquid assets of the Company, represented by bank balances, cash, Treasury Bills, Bills of Exchange, and debtors, amounted to £2,468,645, or nearly double the liabilities. During the financial year the Company purchased the remaining one half of the Johnston Line, the arrangement having been completed on January 1st, 1916. The Johnston Line would, in the opinion of the directors, prove a very valuable addition to the goodwill of their Company. A large proportion of their fleet was still requisitioned by the Government, and they were glad to make their proper contribution to the tonnage required by the authorities for the successful prosecution of the war. In addition to the requisitioning of specific vessels, a considerable proportion of the space in the regular liners was also set aside for the conveyance of stores for the different Government departments at rates of freight fixed by them. A certain proportion of the space in each steamer from America was also set aside for the conveyance of wheat under the direction of the Foodstuffs Requisition Committee. A great deal had been written about Government control of shipping, but in his opinion it would be impossible to have a more effective system of control than that which at present existed. Whilst each individual owner and company was left free to get the utmost amount of work out of the ships that their individual capacity and experience could achieve, no voyage could be made without a licence, thus ensuring the whole of the British Mercantile Marine being worked in such a manner that every ship on every voyage must carry out some useful purpose connected with national or Allied needs. He was glad to believe that British ship-owners were loyally straining every nerve and co-operating in every way for the successful carrying out of the Government policy.

Mr. F. W. Lewis, in seconding the motion, emphasised the wisdom of strengthening the Trades Contingency Fund in the way proposed. Whilst he was not by any means of a pessimistic turn of mind, he thought it was essential that shipowners should keep before them the fact that they were passing through a period of prosperity which was unhealthy, inasmuch as it was due to unnatural and abnormal causes. Sooner or later the high rates of freight which were now prevailing might be expected to abate very rapidly, and they must be prepared to meet adversity and competition which would inevitably arise. When that time came it would be found that a reserve fund was better than a Bank overdraft. For some time past a great deal of unreasonable criticism had been directed against British shipping companies on account of the high rates of freight prevailing, a condition of things which was entirely due to the operation of the laws of supply and demand. Surely it ought to be a matter of congratulation that such an industry should be earning such profits, and be able to contribute in no small measure to the successful prosecution of the war.

The resolution was adopted and the payment of the bonus of 10 per cent. free of Income Tax was sanctioned.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"A SOLDIER'S MOTHER" (Walthamstow).—A flag day for the Navy? Why not? Who on all this wide earth is more entitled to one?

G. W. H. (Havana).—Better late than never to get your birthday greetings. Thanks many; but why call us "the stoutest editor of recent times"? Really, you know—! Well, it is not *quite* so bad as that.

J. C. A. (Longfield).—Your desire to honour the soldiers by giving every man of them two votes after the war does you much credit; but remember that votes will not take the place of more tangible rewards.

"VERITAS" (Herne Bay) thus: "Millions of us want nothing better than a Cabinet composed of you and others like you—if enough could be found." Some Cabinet—eh?

R. J. C. (London).—"Is it a fact that Mr. Asquith is in receipt of £5,000 a year per annum from his father-in-law during his Premiership?" He hasn't mentioned it to us.

M. M. (Paddington).—"What relation is the Duke of Teck to the King of Wurtemberg, and what relation were their fathers to each other?" These, and similar questions asked by other readers, look like being cleared up by Parliament at last. And not too soon.

J. S. (Wallsend).—Profiteers are without honour, save in their own country and their own house.

G. W. (London).—We believe total prohibition in this country during the war would do more harm than good. There is no such thing as total prohibition in either France or Russia.

W. A., SR. (Hasbruck, N.J.).—Throw stones at yourself. How would the U.S. fight Germhuny? With President Wilson's mouth?

A. B. (S.-on-T.).—Our opinion is that the present price of foodstuffs and general commodities is largely due to the neglect and indifference of the Government.

R. H. S. S. (Hampstead).—"If 'ifs' and 'ans'—." A great many fellows engaged in war "inventions" would be better employed in the Army.

"MAHOMED" (Southsea).—Do *you* think it is patriotic for Britishers in khaki to drink Germhun wines?

"SERGEANT" (Gravesend).—In saying that the new British armies are of a class "many degrees above" the old Regulars, the writer in question was making a general statement, and general statements are always incorrect as to some individuals.

"PETER" (Litherland) wants us to denounce a single man of 37 who, though formerly only a joiner, "has now collared one of the soft jobs at a guinea a day" at a munitions factory. We cannot pick out even single men for attack on *ex parte* statements.

"FRANCES" (Plumstead).—See above. Hope you are not venting a spite!

"INVICTA" (Kent).—The War Office may have good reasons. We note your statement that "during the war no Germhuns or Austrihuns have been admitted to Masonic lodges."

C. O. L. (London).—"Nobody cares a tinker's cuss what you say." All right; don't get excited about it. By-the-way, are you a tinker, or merely a cuss?

S. W. R. (Canton, Ohio).—This journal, "posted from Wales, has been the means of rekindling your patriotism for the land of your birth, though you have been an exile for 25 years." Never let the fire die down again, old son.

S. B. (St. John's Wood).—"There is a wave of disgust of the Government passing over the country." Several waves, to be precise.

F. J. (Camberwell).—"What are the pennies that you are advertising for?" Only one each week, on Wednesday or Thursday.

"SOUTHAMPTON."—50 or 60 joiners kept on in your shipyard, and for months and months only half have been at work, because there is not enough to keep you all going. Sometimes you work "overtime" for a push, but only a few hours of it—yet they cry for more men!

"KIRKMICHAEL" sends us one of the "Strathmore" series of picture postcards "published by Wm. Culross and Son, Coupar Angus," and—"Processed in Prussia"! Here let us sing, "All Scotch!"

"AN IRISH REBEL."—Your letter is illiterate, abusive, and anonymous. Its truthfulness may be judged by your statement that "Casement *discarded* his title."

"A WELLWISHER."—Our objection is that a clergyman should make a parade of his month's holiday while denying children their day's treat, "to teach them self-sacrifice." You speak of people you work among as "the lowest of earth." Never regard your fellow-creatures like that. There is plenty of good in them if you look for it.

P. F. A. (Surbiton).—Cannot say what are the "capabilites" of the new Headmaster of Eton. Perhaps he is very strong in the arm.

A. C. H. (Biggleswade).—For the best of reasons the firm of Falk, Stadelmann and Co. has been "black listed" by the Australian Government. They manage these things better "down under."

J. H. (Greenwich).—For the offence of washing your hands in working hours, you and your mate, munition workers, were reported, first to the Manager and then to the Under-Superintendent, being finally "suspended" for one and two days respectively. In all, some 50 hours' work were lost. An instance of criminal stupidity in high places.

J. F. P. (West Southbourne).—The carelessness of Messrs. Bostock and Wombwell in advertising "Admission 3d.," and then charging the kiddies 4d., "because of the tax," may have disappointed many youngsters who had come, with only three pennies, to see the monkeys scratch and hear the lions roar.

J. R. (Stoke-on-Trent).—The "big boot" that will clear out the "place-hunting parasites" is the force of public opinion, in which you count one and we count about a million and a-half.

J. H. B. (Johannesburg).—Sorry, afraid cannot spare you "50,000 dependable boys" at the end of the war. Every ex-soldier who wants it must be found a job at home. Breed your own.

"DOCTOR" (Criccieth).—You are another medico who has not yet received a penny of payment in respect of the examination of recruits. Hardly know how to advise you, unless you try Stubbs.

R. N. (Appleby).—The refusal of the ginger-beer manufacturer's wife to sign the petition for liquor prohibition was a shining instance of the triumph of principle over self-interest, and we should love to drink the lady's health in a beaker of —— Well, she should choose.

W. (Lewisham).—Men of 22 to 36, working on your local 'buses, claiming to be starred, earning £3 or £4 a week, many of them conductors who saw the red light and got passed as drivers—it is a sorry tale, especially if there *are* "more drivers than 'buses."

"OLD AGE PENSIONER."—You are 77, and because you did a little work to earn a few shillings, as food is dear, they stopped your pension. It shows how wicked work is, and how the undertakings of Ministers are being overruled by local authorities.

"A TOMMY."—In the neighbourhood of Tidworth, back of the ranges, are acres and acres of good grass going to waste on Government land; "it should yield 400 to 500 tons of good hay." Certainly it should be cut on days when there is no firing. But we guess it won't be.

B. P. H. (Ipswich).—Were you to copy Casement, it's a fact that your trial would not be so elaborate and expensive.

"DO IT NOW" (Brighton).—Did Lord Kitchener have a glass eye? No; but he had a far-seeing one.

CORPORAL R. C. B. (North-West Mounted Police).—Thanks for good wishes. While you "drop over to Flanders," we will continue as you wish to "ginger up" the Government, giving them lots of "pep." You are absolute mustard, old salt!

The JOHN BULL Pen

SEE COUPON.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. August 12, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"AMY" (Hove).—As you say, a woman conductor is no more a conductorette than she is a cigarette—or for that matter, we suppose, a flannelette.

E. J. B. (Westbourne).—The safest place of refuge during a Zepp raid is a banker's safe. If you have a banker, arrange accordingly.

J. L. H. (Southport).—"JOHN BULL, sent to Queensland, is a never-failing antidote to hard work and worry. It goes 90 miles into the bush and is passed from neighbour to neighbour." We do get about, don't we?

MRS. E. (Cardiff).—Your pension is so small that you ought to be granted something from the Bute Docks Police Widows' and Orphans' Fund, to which your husband subscribed before he fell like a hero in France.

"IGNORANCE" (New Malden).—Do not ask us to translate a sentence of Latin that has beaten you, the Latin dictionary, and the Guildhall Library. This is not weather for wrestling.

"ONE OF THE YOUNG CUBS."—It is military etiquette to salute an enemy officer prisoner. It hurts your feelings, but keep them to yourself. As to turning men out of their mess deck to sleep on horse decks to make room for German prisoners, that is one more sample of our idiotic politeness. Grin and bear it like a soldier.

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO. (New York and London).—We note Louis J. Reckendorfer, President of the Company, has made an affidavit that all the stock is held by native-born citizens of the United States.

"A REJECTED ONE" (Roath).—Our deep sympathy with you in the loss of your young brother, one of the murdered in Mesopotamia.

"A GOOD PATRIOT."—The lady who feeds her little beast of a pet dog on a steak or chop every day should be compelled to live on dog biscuits.

W. A. (Oxford Circus).—Why some of our judges are so tender with these sexual perverts is one of the things "no fellah can understand."

C. B. (Fulham).—Bar that Putney shop where you were jeered at for refusing to buy newly-stocked goods made in Germhuny. And warn your friends.

S. J. C. (Southampton).—You mustn't make up saucy conundrums about ladies of high degree. "Courage" in "facing the *Canon's* mouth," indeed! Avaunt, ribald riddler!

W. J. S. (Clapham).—Yes, we have decided to include a Stylo in our new range of pens. Send for the new booklet.

A. J. C. (Birmingham) thinks the Government could pay for the war by nationalising the picture palaces. The idea makes us reel and brings a film over our bonny blue eyes.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE."—We have your word for it that the Magistrates we wot of are "a set of narrow-minded, round-shouldered, sly-drinking old reprobates." Feel easier now, dearie?

"TOO OLD" (Oxford).—Glad to hear that all railwaymen feel indebted to us for our "explosure of the blatant hypocritical patriotism of the railway companies."

A. H. (Bristol).—Though fined 40s. by the Bristol Bench, you were not drunk and did not assault the constable. We gather that you were merely excited and the "bobby" ran against your foot, shod only with a slipper. A bootless dispute anyway.

M. R. B. (Antrim).—What is the "Celtic Fringe"? An Irishanan's whiskers, perhaps.

T. C. (Dover).—Another completely empty box (not) of matches. Fire and brimstone! It is becoming a habit instead of an accident.

"LIEUT.-COL." (B.E.F.).—"I asked a fair widow of Boulder Her age, then her manner grew cc l ler; Her answer to me Was 'Skidoo! Twenty-three,' Yet I'll lay she was twenty years older." Very likely. But what's that to do with the Cabinet?

"JIMMIE" (Glasgow).—Some of you correspondents *are* a dismal crew. Couldn't squeeze a joke out of you with a Nasmyth hammer.

A. G. (Aberdeen).—Your friends in Canada report that large numbers of interned aliens are being released for farm work, and they anticipate anxiety and trouble. If this labour is indispensable, the scheme may be satisfactory, under proper safeguards. All the same, those aliens were safer where they were.

PTE. ATKINS (E. Sandling).—We fancy your private troubles cause you to take a jaundiced view. The glory of the British Empire is not imaginary, and Sir William Pitt is not to be blamed for the war. The neutrality of Belgium is essential to our own security. He foresaw that.

J. C. (Broome, W.A.) tells us that in Australia they would rather be represented in Parliament by a broken-down donkey-engine driver than a lawyer. And not bad judges either.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Take a Bottle.

Take a bottle of Tennent's Lager at noon and another towards night. It will give zest to your appetite, help your digestion, and enable various other organs of your body to properly fulfil their functions.

Tennent's is a British Lager. It is pure, wholesome and nutritious. Ask for it in preference to all others. It is beer at its best.

TENNENT'S LAGER BEER

Beer at its Best.

Anæmia

How do I Know I am Anæmic?

Shortness of Breath, Paleness of Cheeks, Lips and Skin, Want of Appetite, Tiredness and Depression are all signs of Anæmia.

Is there a Reliable Medicine for it?

The eminent physician, Dr. Andrew Wilson, wrote: "Iron 'Jelloids' constitute the most effective and desirable treatment for that common complaint known as Anæmia."

Ask your Chemist for a box of 'Iron Jelloids' to-day.

For Anæmia in Women... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
Reliable Tonic for Men.... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A.
For Growing Children.... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1.

Of all Chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-, or direct from
THE 'JELLOID' CO. (Dept. 55A), 205, CITY RD., LONDO

Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A
(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

KEEP COOL!

MAKE A GOOD "BULLET" AND WIN A BIG PRIZE.

2nd Prize £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3rd Prize £10

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 WEEKEND PRIZES OF £2 10/-

☛ **Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.**

No. Closing Date, Thursday, August 17th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(201) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 201, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, August 17th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(201) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 202. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 24th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **202** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 202,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 202.

BRITISH PRESS
A NASTY KNOCK
GERMAN GAS
RETIRING
COST OF WAR
WHEN TOMMY CHARGES
BEST AVOIDED
UP TO YOU
SHELL FIRE
GETTING TO BUSINESS
DOING JUSTICE
NEVER KNOWN TO MISS
STEADY HANDS
LIKE HIS CHEEK
A BIG CRASH
NEW MILKMAID
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY
MOST UNPLEASANT WHEN
SMALL TALK
MAKES KAISER THINK

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 201:

WHEN ZEPPELINS APPEAR
BIG SQUEEZE
DODGING WORK
IN PARLIAMENT
UP IN ARMS
WORTH HAVING
VERY NICE WHEN
LOOKS BLUE
TOUGH AND SO
GOING WITHOUT
MAKES GERMANS FLY
WET OR FINE
WAR ECONOMY
DOESN'T ALWAYS PAY
WHEN REJECTED
CUT OFF JOINT
HENPECK'S HOLIDAY
THE FINISHING TOUCH
CAUGHT KISSING
THE MORE THE MERRIER
SEASIDE FLIRTATION
THE LATEST GOSSIP
WHEN FATHER BATHES
HEAVY DAMAGES
EATING HUMBLE PIE
NOBODY KNOWS
BEATING A RETREAT
FEELING SHAKY
ON EASY TERMS
PUZZLES THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
ON EASY TERMS.
Bullet:—
MONEYLENDER AT FIRST INTERVIEW.

Example:—
FEELING SHAKY.
Bullet:—
AFTER THE RAID.

Example:—
THE LATEST GOSSIP.
Bullet:—
RARELY TRUTHFUL.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Sept. 2nd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S" dated August 12th.

RESULT OF 198TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. D. BULMER,
8, Rosebank Road, Leeds.

Example:—IN GREAT DEMAND.
Bullet:—CAPTURING THE FIRST "LINE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. JAMES ROBERTSON,
38, Scott Street, Perth, Scotland.

Example:—SURPRISING THE KAISER.
Bullet:—How "LITTLE" WILLIE PROGRESSES.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. PERCY DAY,
7, Woodgate Road, Seaside, Eastbourne.

Example:—TO MAKE A FORTUNE.
Bullet:—GO "STRAIGHT" FOR IT.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Miss F. FAULKS, (Office) Royal Albion Hotel, Brighton: SEASIDE APARTMENTS—HOME "COMFORTS" AFTERWARDS.
Mr. W. H. HALSTEAD, 6, Stillness Rd., Honor Oak Pk., S.E.: TO MAKE A FORTUNE—"GET TO BUSINESS" EARLY.
Mrs. HOPE, Rowington, Warwick: THE ANZACS—"UNBEATEN" AUSTRALIAN "GOLD."
Mr. ARTHUR MICHIE, 9, Spylaw Road, Edinburgh: TO MAKE A FORTUNE—WHAT AMERICA'S "OUT" FOR.
Mr. R. HOPKINS, 13, Trip Terrace, Pentre, Ystrad, Glam.: SOMETHING WRONG WHEN—GERMAN SCHOOLS CONTINUE WORKING.
Mr. WM. MARSHALL, 2, Willowbank Crescent, Glasgow: THE ANZACS—"SOME" BOYS—ALL MEN.
Mr. A. E. HICHISSON, "Eastlands," Court Lane, Dulwich: A HOLIDAY PRIZE—I'M "WELL AFTER" TAKING.
Mr. A. RYE, 3, Lowclay Road, Southsea: MOST GIRLS LIKE—MARRYING WHOM THEY "PLEASE."
Mr. F. F. FARRER, 6, Waller Street, Carlisle: SURPRISING THE KAISER—THE "DIVISIONS" WE'VE MADE.
Mrs. A. HATTERSLEY, 37, Roach Road, Sheffield: WE ALL ENJOY—SEARCHING CASUALTY LISTS UNSUCCESSFULLY.

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. J. W. HUBBARD, Lake Hotel, Oulton Broad, Lowestoft: SURPRISING THE KAISER—"COSTS" OF ILLEGAL "PROCEEDINGS."
Miss DORIS CHURCHILL, 61, Winchester Street, Salisbury: NOTHING TO PAY—WHEN MOTORING—POLLING DAY.
Mr. A. PEET, Hall Cottages, Rougham, Bury St. Edmunds: GETTING LIVELY—GOING HOME LATER "ON."
Mr. ALF COBHAM, 4, East Street, Southport: SECOND THOUGHTS—TOMMY'S—OF HIMSELF.
EMILY G. HILL, 1, Elcot Avenue, Peckham, London, S.E.: SEASIDE APARTMENTS—STILL OPEN FOR "RECRUITING."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. W. H. HOOPER, Penventinue, Fowey: CHEEKY BOY—AT ALL "EVENTS" CONSPICUOUS.
Mr. A. COUSINS, Biglands, Twist Lane, Leigh, Lancs: A HOLIDAY PRIZE—WHEN IT COMES—"OFF."
Miss E. J. O'NEILL, N.T., Portglenone, Belfast: MOST GIRLS LIKE—TO HAVE "ANOTHER" LOOK.
Mr. J. WESTROPP, Rectory, Ballyhergue, Co. Kerry: WHEN BRITISH ATTACK—MOUNTAINS BECOME MOLEHILLS.
Mr. HENRY BAKER, 5, Wesley Street, Barnsley, Yorks: MOST GIRLS LIKE—TO BE "TAKEN" SERIOUSLY.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, August 17th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(201) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 201, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, August 17th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(201) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be requi[illegible] by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Aug. 12th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*)

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

Aug. 12th, 1916

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

IT'S INDIGESTION

NOT THE LIVER.

That Constipation which gives so much trouble when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home is not due to the Liver, but is due to Bowel Indigestion.

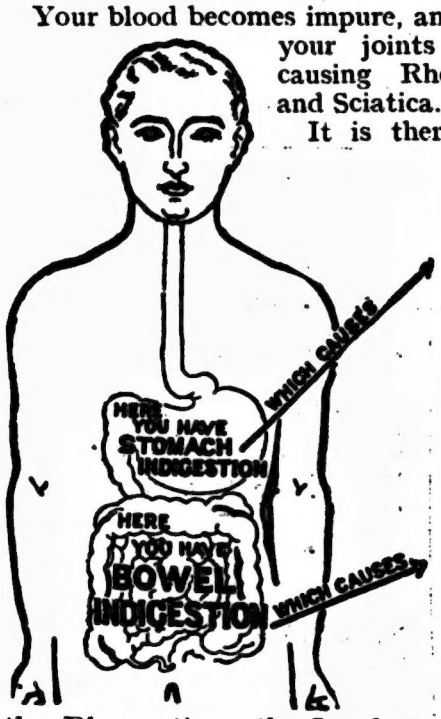
THE ONLY CURE IS CICFA.

READ THE REASON WHY.

You Have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and, as a consequence, your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel it is formed into little hard dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation; also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms, therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure, and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica.



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing Teeth on Edge.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation.

the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must cure that Indigestion. Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia. Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while **any remedy which can cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.**

Cicfa is the only preparation which can do this, and Cicfa has this power because its discoverer succeeded in combining such Digestive Ferments as would ensure perfect digestion at every point along the alimentary tract.

Cicfa therefore cures because it ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, contains that perfect combination of Digestive Ferments which Nature requires to ensure this. That's why Cicfa cures.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 11,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by Cicfa.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases Indigestion, not by taking Alkaline drugs which destroy the Acid Gastric Juice with its Digestive Ferments, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect

Get CICFA from your chemist or post free from us.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s., or

TEST IT ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Send your Name and Address and **one penny stamp for postage,** with this coupon, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA CURES INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION BILIOUSNESS

The CICFA Coy., 8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London.

John Bull, 12-8-16.

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